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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

Thoughts on some Important Points relating to the System of the World. By J. P. NICHOLL, LL.D. 8vo. Edinburgh: William Tait.

To the thoughtful and inquiring reader good books on astronomy never come unwelcomed or unseasonably. The tendency which the cares of business and the routine course of life have to enslave and contract the mind, is, by the contemplation of the grand scheme of the Universe and the examination of its parts, to which these works invite, effectually counteracted; hence one reason for the reception they meet with. But there is another and stronger than this. Ushered into existence by no will or act of his own, Man, as he moves forward through the world-existence appointed him, sees everywhere that there is *no death*; that a perpetual regeneration of all things is going forward; analogy, and the experience of the past, assure him that he can be no exception to the prevailing law—he, too, perforce, must change the form of existence, and as the promises of revelation, equally with the evidence continually and on all sides present, that in nature the step is never backwards, hold out to him the animating hope of a loftier destiny, a more perfect being hereafter, his curiosity is inflamed, he wishes to learn as much as possible of those grand bodies which to his mind convey the most powerful image of the eternity on which he must enter, and is eager to examine into such of the larger phenomena of the Universe as it may be vouchsafed him to apprehend. No wonder, then, that books which show the changes that from time to time take place in the opinion of astronomers with regard to the celestial phenomena, and which record the constant, at least, if small additions made to what may be termed “the fixed knowledge” of the laws which regulate the Universe, should be sought for with avidity, and received with pleasure by the intelligent of all classes and every country.

The chief consideration which led Dr. NICHOLL to the production of the book before us was the necessity he felt for modifying some, and enlarging others, of the opinions he had formerly expressed in his popular work, “The Architecture of the Heavens.” The important disclosures made by the huge telescopes recently constructed for the Earl of ROSSE have somewhat altered the views of our author, especially with reference to the nebular hypothesis; and those differences he here lays before the public. The main discovery,—that in fact which has wrought in him this change of opinion, or rather extended his knowledge—is the resolution of the Great

Nebula in Orion into a superb cluster of stars. Fortified by this discovery, Dr. NICHOLL at once negatives the theory of Sir WILLIAM HERSCHEL, that assumes the existence of a nebulous self-luminous fluid, dispersed in separate patches through the heavens, and which that eminent man was compelled to adopt in order to explain away the difficulty these milky spots presented. We make bold, however, to tell Dr. NICHOLL that several nebulae irresolvable in HERSCHEL's day, and included in his list of fluid luminous patches, and others of presumed consolidating star-dust, have since then been resolved; and the general, indeed we may say the received opinion of astronomers, long prior to the construction of the Parsonstown telescopes, has been that all the nebulae with sufficient magnifying power are resolvable; and that the fact that Lord ROSSE has proven that one nebula or more may be resolved which previously could not be done, though it adds greatly to the probability that these luminous patches are, as they have been supposed, all clusters of stars, by no means negatives the hypothesis of HERSCHEL with regard to the nebulae beyond the power of the telescope to divide, though our author triumphantly assumes it does. We have a luminous cometic fluid which answers a purpose in the Universe the ablest philosophers have been unable to discover, and differs only in visible rapid motion from the nebular fluid of HERSCHEL.

Though there is a large fund of useful and interesting information contained in this volume, we are bound to state that the learned Doctor has more given himself over to the sin of book-making than is creditable to himself or agreeable to the reader. From first to last we have constant digressions from what the author states is the purpose of his book, and frequent iterations of old opinions; he loves to recur, both by reference and citation, to his former works, and he is too apt to turn aside from giving a simple statement of facts, or propounding an opinion, to indulge in a poetical passage or some grandiloquent apostrophe. The absolute want of logical arrangement weakens the force of the arguments—and they are not many—which he takes up; and the uncommon, at least, if not adulatory, reverence with which the Doctor looks up to nobility, in the person of Lord ROSSE, would have curled the lip of HERACLITUS, or any other of the lofty-minded philosophers of old, were it possible they could have witnessed it. With this ends our objection; on the other hand, there is much to praise. The author, though dealing, for the most part, with a technical subject, has so expressed himself as to be intelligible at all times to a reader of ordinary capacity; he has gathered some new, and has usefully combined many old and established, truths; and there is visible, occa-

sionally, strong testimony of an earnest and well-grounded piety. The illustrations of this book are admirable; they are by much the most faithful representations of heavenly bodies, as seen through powerful telescopes, of any we have before examined. The great Dumb-bell nebula, the Crab, and the spiral nebulae, and the great nebula in Orion, are illustrations of exceeding interest; they will strongly excite the curiosity of the spectator, and tempt him to a perusal of the book; and we wish him no better task, since much valuable and soul-expanding information is to be gleaned from its pages.

A few extracts will entertain the reader, and convey at the same time an accurate impression of the manner and merits of the author.

THE COMPARATIVE POWERS OF TELESCOPES.

The size of the lens or mirror is not merely a general indication of the power of the telescope; inasmuch as if each instrument were tested separately, in respect chiefly of the reflecting or transmissive qualities of the metal or glass, we might obtain, by means of it, much more than a general or rough comparative estimate. But, since nothing is dependent on minute exactness in speculations concerning the enormous distances we are about to mete out within infinitude, it is enough for present purposes that we can reach a tolerable approximation. Now, regarding his own telescopes, Herschel computed that the seven feet reflector had a power to penetrate into space, which, compared with that of the naked eye, was $20\frac{1}{2}$; the ten feet, a comparative power of $28\frac{1}{2}$; the twenty feet, of 75; the twenty-five feet of 96; and the forty feet, with its four feet mirror, the immense power of 192. It is not easy to compare Lord Rosse's telescopes with those instruments, inasmuch as their various relative qualities would require to be ascertained by direct experiment; but if, as seems fully established, his lordship's three feet speculum is much superior, in space-penetrating power, to the largest disc in possession of his great predecessor,* we shall be obliged to endow the six feet mirror with an efficacy to pass without difficulty into space, at least 500 times farther than is possible for unassisted vision: in other words, it will desery a single star six thousand times more remote than an average orb of the first magnitude,—or, though it were separated from our abodes by an interval so tremendous that, were a new star, at a similar distance created now, its light, even though its velocity be next to inconceivable, would travel through the intervening spaces probably for more than sixty thousand years, ere by reaching this earth it could tell of a new existence having been summoned from the void! In presence of triumphs so signal, and so steadily progressive, I feel that it requires no little boldness to intimate that now we cannot be far from the term of our domain,—or that we have closely approached the limit of attainable, that is, of useful telescopic power. Certainly I am nowise appalled by the mechanical difficulties as to the constructing of still larger instruments; for Lord Rosse has shown that, in this respect, there is no hindrance which might not be overcome: but difficulties, nevertheless, of a description the most serious, occur in regard of the employment of great telescopes, and they increase rapidly with their size. Firmness of position; ease of motion, and the power of being made to pass through the smallest spaces in obedience almost to a touch, are characteristics indispensable to every instrument intended to afford measurements of value: and to ensure them for the six feet mirror, its illustrious maker has felt it necessary to limit the range of its motion; and he has confined it within two massive parallel walls, between which it travels with an astonishing precision and facility, but thus sweeping only the immediate neighbourhood of the great meridian circle in the Heavens. Now, though the meridian is undoubtedly that circle whereon any celestial body may, on the whole, be viewed with most advantage, it is manifest that the limiting of an instrument to any one circle, must, because of the vicissi-

tudes of our unstable atmosphere, vastly diminish the number of hours during which, in any specified time, it can be turned to the heavens with effect: and if, from the hours apparently effective, deduction be made of the many occasions during which, through the condition of the air, great magnifying powers cannot be employed, I shall not seem unreasonable in despairing of the useful application of specula much larger than what we now possess, to the purposes of discovery. The applicable size of a mirror must, in fact, ever be practically limited by the power of the applicable magnifier or microscope. The operation of a large reflecting or refracting disc is merely to present the image of an object clothed with an immense increase of splendour; but this of itself will not lead to a closer knowledge of the structure of the object, unless, by use of eye-pieces correspondingly powerful, we can diffuse its new illumination, or beat out the image over a large surface, without impairing distinctness of vision. Now, the internal state of the atmosphere, however cloudless it may seem, is very seldom quiescent. Currents of air, of different temperatures and densities, are, in most cases, rising and falling within it, with greater or less frequency; and the crossing and constant intermingling of these produce, in regard of the external stars seen through so disturbed a medium, that same dancing or uneasy motion observed so easily near the surface of the earth during intense sunshine. This dancing or unsteadiness is, of course, magnified by the microscope: and so—often when low powers present an image distinct in its general features, and the observer is tempted thereupon to examine it with some higher one—precision and definiteness entirely vanish; and we are told, with sufficient emphasis, that there is a fate the loftiest genius will never vanquish—that which confines man's successes within possibilities constituted by the conditions of his earth.

The vastness of the material Universe is strikingly conveyed in the following passage,—which also will give the reader a notion of the rhapsodical bursts in which, as we have stated, the author frequently indulges.

The individual nebulae of which we have spoken seemed to us incomplete; because their history is hidden, and we are privileged to contemplate them in only one transient phase: but with regard to this grander phenomenon,—viz. that Sidereal Universe itself, of which they are merely individual parts, not only has Time not revealed the course along which it has been borne, but we desery no more than a small portion of it as it exists in Space. However potent the telescope, no man dare reckon that all things are taken in by its vision, or that it has penetrated to the outer battlements of this majestic Stellar Creation, any more than that, previously, all things were seen by his unassisted eye. Nay, the telescope itself, in every stage, has made very contrary declarations, and proclaimed how far it lingers behind a comprehension of the riches of Existence, even when unfolding so unexpected wonders. What mean, for instance, those dim spots, which, unknown before, loom in greater and greater numbers on the horizon of every new instrument, unless they are gleams it is obtaining, on its own frontier, of a mighty Infinite beyond, also studded with glories, and enfolding what is seen as a minute and subservient part? Yes, even the six feet mirror, after its powers of distinct vision are exhausted, becomes, in its turn, simply as the child, gazing on these mysterious lights with awful and hopeless wonder. I shrink below the conception that here—even at this threshold of the attainable—bursts forth on my mind! Look at a cloudy speck in Orion, visible without aid, to the well-trained eye; that is a Stellar Universe of majesty altogether transcendent, lying at the verge of what is known. Well! if any of these lights from afar, on which the six feet mirror is now casting its longing eye, resemble in character that spot, the systems from which they come are situated so deep in space, that no ray from them could reach our Earth, until after travelling through the intervening abysses, during centuries whose number stuns the imagination:—there must be some regarding which that faint illumination informs us, not of their present existence, but only that assuredly they were, and sent forth into the Infinite the rays at present reaching us, at an epoch farther back into the Past than this momentary lifetime of Man, by at least thirty millions of years! If these majestic revelations, not in the mere rudeness and bareness of outward and obvious forms, but in-

* It is wrong to suppose the space-penetrating power of a telescope simply depending on its aperture. Certainly a most important feature is the definition, arising from the figure of the speculum. Lord Rosse's telescopes derive their superiority chiefly from their excellence in this latter respect. To look through Herschel's four feet mirror, compared with the three feet, is like a short-sighted person looking at the stars without his spectacles.

stinct with suggestive powers, gleam fixedly on the Soul, how awful its conceptions of the mysteries within whose lap it lies! The glories I have described, cannot be all:—Shrouded by the veil of day, they would, had the Earth, like the sluggish Moon, turned on its axis only as it revolves in its orbit, have been hidden hopelessly and for ever, by the garish beams of the Sun. Yes! though their bright haunts are always around us, and in virtue of the universal sympathies of things, they play upon our Beings unceasingly through influences and laws not yet unfolded, even their partial and interrupted cognition by the human spirit, flows wholly from a physical character of our globe, which perhaps might not have been! Is it not possible, then, that through other conditions of the Life to which we belong, and other limitations of our scheme of Senses, even now we are unconscious of being engirt by other Universes still more real and as vast as the World of Stars? What are those dream-like and inscrutable thoughts which start up in moments of stillness, apparently as from the deeps—like the movement of the leaves during a silent night, in prognostic of the breeze that has yet scarce come—if not the rustlings of near but unseen Infinities? But this theme should not be touched, unless by a master hand:—

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widen'd in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay conceal'd
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood reveal'd,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

We next arrive at the "grand discovery" made through Lord Rosse's great telescope, the which, indeed, caused our author to write this book.

THE RESOLUTION OF THE NEBULA IN ORION.

I approach the final resolution of all these doubts—the grandest revelation of modern times regarding the glory of the Heavens. No wonder that the scientific world watched, with intense anxiety, the examination of Orion, by the six feet mirror; for the result would either confirm Herschel's hypothesis, in as far as human knowledge would probably ever be enabled to criticise it, or unfold, amidst the Stellar groups, a variety of constitution not even indicated among the regions more immediately around our galaxy. About Christmas, 1845, I had the pleasure of visiting Parsonstown, and saw the Nebula through that mighty tube. It was—owing to the incompleteness of the instrument and unfavourable weather—the first time that the grand Telescope had been directed towards that mysterious object: and although Lord Rosse warned me that the circumstances of the moment would not permit him to regard the decision then given as final, I went, in breathless interest, to its inspection. Not yet the veriest trace of a star! Looming, unintelligible as ever, there the Nebula lay; but how brilliant its brighter parts! How much more broken the interior of its mass! How innumerable the streamers now attached to it on every side! How strange, especially, that large horn to the north, rising in relief out of the dark skies, like a huge cumulous cloud! It was still possible, then, that the Nebula might be irresolvable by the loftiest efforts of human art; but doubt continued to remain. Why, in an inquiry like this, the concurrence of every favourable condition is needful to success, may be readily comprehended. It is its aim to discern, singly, a number of sparkling points—small as the point of a needle, and close almost as the particles of a handful of sand; how easy, then, for any unsteadiness in the air, or any imperfection in the instrument, so far to diffuse the light of each that they would merge into each other, and thus become confounded in one mass!—Knowing his Lordship's intention to avail himself of all favourable opportunities, during winter, to penetrate, if possible, the constitution of this wonderful object, and impressed with the issues depending on the result of his examination, I anxiously awaited the intelligence. At length Lord Rosse wrote me the following memorable note:—

"Castle Parsonstown, March 19th, 1846.

"In accordance with my promise, of communicating to you the result of our examination of Orion, I think I may safely say, that there can be little, if any, doubt as to the resolvability of the nebula. Since you left us, there was not a single night when, in absence of the moon, the air was fine enough to admit of our using more than half the magnifying power the speculum bears: still we could plainly see that all about the trapezium is a mass of stars; the rest of the Nebula also abounding with stars and exhibiting the characteristics of resolvability strongly marked.

"Rosse."

And thus doubt and speculation on this great subject vanished for ever! The resolution of the nebula in Orion into stars, has proved that to be real, which, with conceptions of creation enlarged even as Herschel's, we deemed incomprehensible, and shewn that the laws and order of existence on its grandest scale cannot safely be supposed as all compressed among the processes and phenomena around our homes. Yes! the infinite we had built up after the fashion of what had become familiar, was yet, with all its greatness, only an idola, and could fill neither space nor time. It was indeed a grand and noble temple, but yet not the temple of the universe—issuing from the depths of whose awful adyta that solemn appeal again seems heard:—"Hast thou an arm like God, or canst thou thunder with a voice like him? Gird up thy loins and declare! Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loosen the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, or bind Arcturus with his stars?"

The opinion now pretty generally entertained, and which the opening of the angles, whereat certain of the fixed stars are now seen, as compared with that laid down (in all probability with accuracy) by previous astronomers, would seem to establish as a fact, that our sun is moving rapidly through space towards a point in the constellation Hercules, carrying with him the entire planetary system, is advanced in the following passage, which moreover gives us a grand idea of

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE DISTANCES OF THE FIXED STARS.

In regard of inquiries so vast, perhaps we should expect no more than an intimation of the reality of such motions, but we can go a step still onward. The Solar motion, if undefined in reference to the nature of its vast curve, can yet be approximately valued, in regard of absolute amount. The question of the parallax of the fixed stars, or of our power of measuring spaces sufficiently evanescent to determine the distance of these stars from our Solar Sphere, is irresolvable no longer. Twice, at least, has it been distinctly answered, and by two men of no uncongenial habit of mind, over whose loss Science had recently to grieve: one the illustrious Bessel, with whose fame Europe is filled, and my lamented countryman Thomas Henderson. Unquestionably to this latter astronomer belongs the glory of planting the first mile-stone amid the external spaces; and—speaking in reverence, though in unison with the imperfect desires of Man—it may surely be deplored that, unlike the case of the immortal German, the life of the discoverer was closed, not indeed in the beginning of his usefulness, but in the very spring-time of a fame adequate to his great deserts. The case of one of these stars, and probably the best defined, will suit us now. It is Bessel's—61 Cygni. The circumstances are briefly these:—the remoteness of this star from our Planetary Sphere, is definitely about 670,000 times our distance from the Sun; and we have accurately determined its apparent motion through space. Its distance from the point of observation being known, that apparent angular motion can be converted into an apparent motion of so many miles; just as a traveller could tell, should a remote object appear to be in motion—if he knew the interval dividing him from it—the exact amount of its displacement. Now if this displacement of 61 Cygni is owing, as it is, in all likelihood, not to its proper motion, but to the translation of the Sun, we may clearly infer, on the simple principle above stated, with what velocity we are darting through space. In Bessel's opinion we may move in this immense orbit thrice as fast as the Earth travels in its Planetary Ellipse; or with a speed so swift, that we might reach 61 Cygni in 41,000 years. Now, large though this period is,

there is nothing in it whatever to overwhelm our imagination. If Geology is not the veriest fable, if we are not to return to the old conceptions, that the rocks of our world's crust, with their entombed creatures, have been laid down there purposely as the most mocking of enigmas—an enigma that seems to have a meaning and yet has none—even this great course of years is only a very brief point amid the latest changes affecting the surface of the Earth. Free, then, from fear, let us rise far higher; and, assuming that Bessel's Star indicates the average distance of the nearest Orbs, we infer that the Sun would require no more than five hundred thousand years to reach that extremest verge at which the eye can descry a single Star; nay, it could reach that remotest distance to which Lord Rosse's Telescope can pierce, in about two hundred and fifty millions of years; and so far is even this stupendous period from sounding all the working time of Nature, that many of the mountains of our Earth may, through its whole duration, have been in being, rearing their peaks towards different constellations, and surviving, in their littleness and fragility, even these immense transitions!* The numbers I have quoted are indeed only approximate; but, in rendering conceivable a subject so vast and vague, they have, notwithstanding their necessary inaccuracy, an important use. Under their direct announcements, the stability of our supposed Universe wholly disappears. The stars that shine over us now may indeed be those that arrested the ardent gaze of the Chaldeans; but at depths of time by no means beyond our reach, we must have passed through many arrangements of Orbs; and if, as assuredly they do, these Stars move like the Sun, our majestic Cluster may not now, in any part, have even a similitude of what it was! How stupendous such ceaseless evolutions! How overwhelming the thought, that what, above all things, seemed the fitting emblem of the Eternal, is thus almost visibly subject to Transiency; even in its most august and awful forms, only one phase of the fleeting and phantasmal! Often overpowered by the dread contemplation; beneath such majestic feeling, as in faintness, that surely I must be lone and forlorn, I turn ever with a cheering delight to that sweet home-picture of Luther's, when he speaks of the little bird that, on summer's evenings, came to his pear-tree, at sunset, and sang, ever melodiously and without one note of misgiving, because, though dread Eternity was above, below, and around it, God was there also!

BIOGRAPHY.

Biographical Notices of Persian Poets; with critical and explanatory Remarks. By the late Right Hon. Sir GORE OUSELEY. To which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. JAMES REYNOLDS, M.R.A.S. and Secretary to the Oriental Translation Committee. London: W. Allen and Co. Paris: Duprat.

SIR GORE OUSELEY was born in the year 1770. He went to India in a mercantile character, was introduced to Sir WILLIAM JONES, was induced by him to enter the public service, was early engaged in diplomacy for which he shewed himself peculiarly apt; accumulated a fortune; returned to England in 1805; a year afterwards married, two years after that was created a baronet, and then was despatched to Persia as ambassador.

Such is the outline of his career. In the memoir prefixed to the *Notices of Persian Poets*, it is expanded by the introduction of a selection from the correspondence and extracts from the diary of Sir GORE OUSELEY. From these, which contain a great deal of curious philology, and some descriptions, we take a few passages. It is the most amusing and readable portion of the volume. Here is—

* If numbers so vast continue to overpower the imagination, let it be remembered that—as I have shewn near the conclusion of our first Chapter—Lord Rosse's largest telescope may, at this very moment, positively look backwards through time by the space of thirty millions of years; and that one as much larger than it as it exceeds Sir John Herschel's, would tell of firmaments as they surely existed at an epoch of the Past, half as profoundly removed from us as is indicated by the previous enormous number.

A DREAM.

Upon the 14th of April the Persian ambassador, Mirza Abul Hasan, received the melancholy intelligence of the death of his only son. Sir Gore Ouseley immediately addressed him a note of condolence, and, on the following day, called upon him; and "I could not," he remarks, "help blending my tears with his. It is singular," he proceeds, "that he told us on board ship of having had a dream, in England, of losing a tooth; and as in a former instance it foreboded the death of a beloved brother, he felt assured, he said, that he had in this also lost some dear friend. We laughed at the time, but he made me put down the date; and to-day, on comparing dates, it appears that his dream occurred on the very day of his son's death."

The following is a new and very strange fact in the natural history of the horse.

In March 1813, the ambassador remarks: "Having purchased a very handsome horse for 170 tumans, I had an opportunity of establishing a fact which I had often heard of the real Turkoman horses, but never witnessed before. As the spring came forward, his blood, I suppose, increased in heat, and veins in his neck opened in places which he could not reach to bite, and once or twice veins started whilst I was riding him, and consequently I could see that it occurred without any outward help such as rubbing or biting them. It appears that this singular circumstance only occurs to Turkoman horses, and it is reckoned a mark of their being very high-bred horses." The swelling and bursting veins of horses of pure blood would seem, therefore, to be an ascertained fact.

In a letter to his brother, under date of 1792, he transmits this account of

PERSIAN MUSIC.

I have laid by this Persian book (on music), as I tell you; but at times curiosity, and a most inordinate lust for exploring musical secrets, makes me take it up. I can therefore hardly answer your questions. The Hindostane music has a gamut consisting of notes like ours, which being repeated in several octaves, or octaves, form in all twenty-one natural notes. * * * I am in hopes of finding their mode of notations; and that they had a tablature of some kind I am almost confident. This manuscript is written in a very easy style; yet the science of music is so little cultivated now, that out of the Munshis who have looked into it (and I have shewn it to many), not one has been able to explain a page of it. Nor should we wonder at it, as amongst ourselves a man who had not studied music would be puzzled to tell the meaning of the words *counterpoint* and *descant*, particularly if they had been hundreds of years out of use and practice. My only hope of discovering these latent treasures is my knowledge of music, which, with a little study of Sanscrit, will, I think, enable me to write something like an analysis of the Hindu music one of these days. As to the practical part of it, I am perhaps more conversant in it than most of the natives. The Raugs and Rauginees (for a description of which I refer you to the "Asiatic Researches") are the most ancient compositions we have any account of. The five first Raugs owe their origin to Mahidis, who produced them from his five heads. Parbuttu his wife constructed the sixth. Boimha composed the thirty Rauginees. These melodies are in a peculiar genus, and, of the three ancient genera, I think resemble the enharmonic the most. The more modern compositions are of that termed diatonic, as you'll perceive by "Gul buddum thoo humsee." The Raugs and Rauginees I have postponed setting to music till I read more of my manuscript, as our system does not supply notes or signs proper to express the almost imperceptible elevations and depressions of the voice in these melodies. The time, too, is broken and very irregular; the modulations frequent and very wild. The effects produced by two of the six Raugs are more extraordinary than those ascribed to any of the modes of the ancients, though to us so incredible.

Mia Tonsino, a wonderful musician in the time of King Akber, sang one of the Raugs in mid-day. The powers of his music were such that it instantly became night, and the darkness extended in a circle round the palace as far as the sounds of his voice could be distinguished. They have a tradition that whoever attempts to sing the Raug Dheepuck will be destroyed by fire. The Emperor Akber ordered Naik Gopaul,

a famous musician, to sing that Raug : he endeavoured to excuse himself, but in vain ; the emperor insisted on obedience. He therefore requested permission to go home and take leave of his family. It was granted him, and in six months he returned. It was then winter. Before he began to sing, he placed himself up to the neck in the water of the Jumna. As soon as he had sung a strain or two, the river began to be hot, and at length to boil, and his body was blistered all over. In this condition he begged of the emperor to suspend his commands ; but he was inexorable, and demanded a further proof of the powers of this Raug. Poor Naik Gopaul sang on ; the flames burst out from him, and he was consumed, to ashes. These and many other anecdotes are in the mouths of the most sensible of the natives ; and, what is more, they are implicitly believed. The effect produced by Maig Muloor Raug was immediately rain. And it is told that a singing girl saved Bengal from famine once by exerting the power of her voice in this Raug, and bringing a timely fall of rain for the rice-crops. When I inquire for people able to sing and produce these wonderful effects, I am gravely answered that the art is now almost lost, but that there are still persons of that description in the West of India. But inquire in the West of India, and they will tell that, if any remain, they must be in Bengal.

All over the world the drivers of horses have marked peculiarities of costume and manner. Everybody will remember the smoked postillions of Switzerland, and the tusted and horned postillions of Austrian Germany. Here are

PERSIAN POSTILLIONS.
The postillions in this country are the most ludicrous people in the world. They are indiscriminately old men with flowing beards, or boys of ten or twelve years old ; and their dress on the hottest day a large loose coat of coarse woollen cloth tied round the middle, loose pantaloons or breeches, woollen rags wrapped round their legs and tied with cords, and either boots or back sandals. His hat is high in the crown, and spacious in the leaf, like those worn by Quakers, but caricatured. They have not any fixed side to ride on as postillions—sometimes both on the right, or both on the left horse, but oftener diagonally, i.e. the foremost postilion on the near horse, and the wheel one on the off horse.

This diary preserves a record of a curious rock found in the valley of Makteran, about four miles from Hamadan.

There are two oblong squares cut to an even surface in a large granite rock, a little above a stream of fine clear water, and near a spot where it forms a pretty cataract. At first sight it strikes one as a sculpture of Shahpur and the Sassanian monarchs, because the shape of the squares, the species of rock, and the situation near a clear stream, are exactly what one remarks at Shahpur, near Kazrun,—at Firuzabad,—at Nakhsir Rostain,—at Ref,—at Bisitoun,—and, in short, at every place where they have left memorials of their greatness. On a close approach, however, I found the squares divided into three pages, as it were, of unequal size, and completely covered with well-formed Persepolitan or arrow-headed characters, precisely similar to those at Persepolis and Murghab ; and this, in fact, is only the third place in Persia in which I have seen or heard of them. The similarity of the scenery induced a supposition (which I adopt with great reluctance) that possibly the arrow-headed character is coeval with the Pehlavi, but that the former was only used for solemn funerals or religious purposes, and the latter for worldly ones, such as triumphs and the pomps of war. On a hill which commands the city are yet to be seen two ancient Takht (although of smaller dimensions), similar to those at Murghab and Persepolis, and now nearly dilapidated. We were informed that there had been inscriptions on some of the stones that formed it, but all our efforts to get a sight of one proved ineffectual. The next building any way curious is a species of temple, of ten sides, of [with] the origin of which nobody seems acquainted. The foundation, and about three feet above ground of it, are composed of stones, but the rest is built of bricks of equal sizes, and uncommonly well cemented together. It is called the Temple of Sacrifice ; and the people have a confused notion that, seven hundred years ago, some Uzbek Tartars worshipped in it.

Under date of October, 1813, in the diary, we find a notice of

PERSIAN HOT SPRINGS.

About three and a half miles from our last stage, we came to a chalybeate spring close to the road, which appeared to me to possess the same inky taste, but in a much stronger degree than the Tunbridge water. It is about as hot as new milk. When within two miles of this stage, we turned off to the right a short distance, and came to a place whence a great part of Persia is supplied with what they call marble. There were several slabs, of ten and fifteen feet long, chiseled out ready to be carried off, and great mounds raised of the chippings ; indeed, the hills near it seemed all of the same substance, which is got by digging about three or four feet of the decomposed lamina and earth (away) from the surface. When they have dug out a certain space, they say, the water rises there, and in a few years (but how many they do not know, or trouble themselves to ascertain) petrifies, and again becomes marble, as they term it ; but it is only a petrification, from its colour and posture, as well as the stalactite appearance on its surface. I observed several spots covered with a white substance like ice, high in the middle and shelving down with a fine polish to its extremities, which were hard and crisp. As I approached the centre, my feet sunk into the substance and were wetted. In the middle is a spring, which bubbles up with violence, and flows over the shelving sides, and literally seems to harden and petrify as it proceeds, for beyond the ice-like extremities there is no moisture, and hence the rise in the centre. This continues to accumulate and rise up until the spring is choked up, when the whole mass of about ten or twelve square yards becomes a spar. We observed several of these in different stages of their growth—some quite liquid, others like half-melted or thawing ice, others again hard, and others with a coat of stalactite-like wax over them. The water in the spring, which bubbled up most violently, and of which I took a bottleful, is like Seltzer water, and of a moderately cold temperature. Where chalybeate predominates, the colour of the spar becomes redder, but in general it is a pure white. Near this curious spring there is a beautiful view of the salt lake of Shahi, or Urumiah, whose waters are bitter, and contain no fish. Not far from Murdi, the Ambassador, having heard of a wonderful cave, procured a guide, and went to see it. It is in the side of a very steep and high rocky mountain, the ascent to which is inconceivably difficult and fatiguing. The first room you enter is evidently a natural cave, which has been made use of either by shepherds for their cattle or themselves, or tenanted by wild beasts, of which we saw marks, both lions and deer. From this room a low passage leads to other rooms. The situation (of the cave) is truly romantic. You approach it by a fissure in the mountain, about twenty-five or thirty yards wide, and the ascent is steep. The mountain is chiefly composed of a species of reddish pudding-stone, strongly coloured by iron ; but in many places you find masses of schistus, double black, reddish, and grey, with large white veins. The latter, when not much veined, resembles the stone on which the figures are sculptured at Persepolis. The only stone much used by the natives here is the pudding-stone, of which we saw a number of mill-stones, formed and forming. The cave faces nearly the west. The first excavated apartment is about thirty-six paces square ; nearly in the centre of its eastern side is a second portal, of an irregular form on the rock, on which I observed some marks of the chisel. This portal is about twenty-five feet high by fourteen wide ; beyond this the cave descends to a considerable distance and depth ; but it is impossible to explore it, as the mephitic vapour within the portal would immediately destroy animal life. However, one can go with safety much farther in winter than in summer, and we went farther in by a few feet than Colonel D'Arcy had done last year, in consequence of our being here earlier in the spring than he was. It seems to be carbonic acid gas. On taking up some stones, I was sensibly affected by it ; and, although standing upright on the brink of the descent at the second portal, I perceived nothing more than a fresh, damp air. Still, on stooping as low as my middle, I was seized by the nose in a more violent manner than the strongest volatile salt or eau de luce could have effected. We found the body of a swallow that had fallen a sacrifice to its want of caution in flying too near the

ground, close to the second portal; and beyond that, the ground was strewn with feathers and carcasses of birds and insects which had flown too far in. The villagers, our guides, reported that whenever their sheep or oxen strayed into the cave, for shelter from the weather, they invariably perished.

On May 25 he relates a conversation he had with a Persian gentleman with whom he was travelling. It turned upon

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF PERSIA.

Mirza Abdul Latif rode all the way with me, and entertained me with many curious stories; amongst the rest of natural necromancers, and those who have studied the black art in books, and performed the "chileh," or forty days' solitude, fasting, and incantations. He himself happened to be well acquainted with one of each kind: the first, whose name is Farazi, lives at Tahrán; and I recollect that Mirza Shafi mentioned him to me, although, by accident, I never sent for him whilst there, probably from the conviction of the business being rank nonsense. He professes to be able to tell you the name of any person which you may write down and put under your hat or pillow: he also describes him exactly, and tells you where he is at that moment. (His knowledge does not extend to futurity.) If you take out anything from your pocket, and conceal it in your hand, he'll immediately tell you what it is; and if you ask him to bring sugar, paper, or anything which you may be assured he has not about him, or in the room, he reaches with his hand, and instantly produces it. Of a hundred anecdotes which I have heard of this man, I will only relate two. Mirza Abdul Latif went from Tahrán to Tabriz, where he had left a friend named Haji-Ali-Asker, who shortly after left Tabriz also, without informing the Mirza. To try Farazi's powers, and at the same time gratify himself, when in a party with him, he privately wrote down his friend's name, and put the bit of paper under the pillow he was leaning upon; he (then) asked Farazi about the person whose name he had written, and he replied (although he had never seen him), "He is a corpulent man, with light blue eyes and black beard, wears a Mullah's turban and blue kaba baghali; he is now at Kuli, in the house of his relation, Sultan Ali Muhammed, and his name is Haji-Ali-Asker." He next asked Farazi what he had in his hand, and he said, "An European pen-knife;" and he lastly asked him for a large lump of sugar, which he immediately produced by holding his hand up in the air. To the truth of this, Mirza Abdul Latif will take his oath; and although he only relates the following one from hearsay, he appears equally satisfied of the truth of it. The Shah, it appears, asked Firuz Shah (the deposed king of the Afghans, who took refuge in Persia), if he ever saw in Kabul a person of Farazi's wonderful powers, to which he answered in the negative, and expressed some doubt of the possibility of it. The Shah sent for Farazi, and desired Firuz to write down the name of some acquaintance, which he did, and placed it under his mashad, or cushion. On applying to Farazi, he said, "She is a middle-aged woman, handsome face, black eyes, long hair, and small hands and feet; she is now in Kandahar, and her name is Zinat-ul-Nissa." Firuz was quite astonished to hear his favourite wife so exactly described; and still more so when Farazi, in reply to the Shah, said he could immediately bring her before them. Firuz Shah, greatly alarmed, begged the Shah for God's sake not to insist on this proof of his skill, which, of course, was granted; and then Firuz asked the man how he could possibly bring a person who was 800 or 900 miles distant; he answered that he could not bring her in person, but could produce such a likeness of her that he could swear to her being his own wife. This Farazi is not a juggler, nor in any way a clever man; on the contrary, he is generally reckoned a little mad, and partly an idiot, and some go so far as to describe the means by which he acquired his consummate art. He was walking in a plain or desert, when he saw a wolf with a child in its mouth. Motives of humanity tempted him to pursue the wolf a considerable distance, and he eventually succeeded in rescuing the innocent, which he took up in his arms, and intended to take home. Suddenly, men and women, parents and relations of the infant, appeared before him, and, after thanking him for his generous humanity, desired him to ask any boon he wished, that they (being Jins) could and would grant immediately. He said he had no particular wish,

but that if they thought his act of piety to an innocent child deserved anything, they also were the best judges of what they should confer upon him. They then gave him the art he possesses.

The second personage, or necromancer, now dead, was an enameller at Ispahan, named Mirza Taki, who could produce any thing or person that was required from him. Mirza Abdul Latif supped with him one night, when only six guests were invited, consequently not much meat was dressed. A number of travellers arrived in Ispahan just as the six sat down to supper, and being friends of Mirza Taki's, he made them come in and sit down, to the number of fifty-six. Abdul Latif was anxious to know from whence the supper for so many people was to come, and was greatly astonished to find that, without the help of servants or cooks, he put his hand out towards a purdah, and pulled out trays after trays of meat and sweetmeats, by the sole assistance of his obedient Jins. On asking the fate of this Mirza Taki, Abdul Latif said that he once went, for a forty days' watching, incantation, and abstinence from meat (as was often his custom), into a solitary cave, into which he took a sufficiency of food and dispensed with all attendance. At the end of the forty days his servant went for him, and found him hanging, and quite dead; but whether this was the act of himself or his friends, the Jins, they could not tell.

Let us pass now from the introductory memoir to the *Notices of the Persian Poets*. From this, which will not be of so much general interest, we will only extract a few miscellaneous passages.

Ferdusi is one of the most famous of the poets of Persia. His introduction to the court is thus described in the legend.

Asjedi and Ferrukhi, seeing him approach, and concluding from his dress that he was a rustic coming to importune them, proposed to get rid of his company by scoffs and insults; but Ansari objected to it, lest he might turn out something better than his appearance indicated. He, however, offered a method of civilly dismissing him, which was assented to by the others. Ferdusi, by the time that their plan was arranged, came up and saluted them courteously. In returning the salutation, Ansari said, "Friend, we are three poets, who have returned from the noise and bustle of the city, to enjoy the evening here in private, and we only admit poets to share our conviviality." Ferdusi, nothing abashed, said, "Your slave also is a poet." "Well," replied Ansari, "our conditions for admission to our repast are, that we three shall compose a line each, of a particular measure and rhyme; if you finish the quatrain you shall be welcome to participate in our evening's cheer; but if you fail either in rhyme or measure, we must insist upon your immediate departure." Ferdusi accepted the conditions, and the courtiers already anticipated with joy the impossibility of his fulfilling them, and, as a consequence, his further intruding on their privacy, for they had chosen a rhyme in which only three words in the language ended, viz. Rushen, Gulshen, and Jashen. They thus extemporized:—

Ansari.—"The moon is not more bright than thy cheek."

Asjedi.—"No rose in the garden can vie with thy lovely face."

Ferrukhi.—"The arrows of thy eyelash pierce the strongest cuirass."

When, to their great surprise, Ferdusi, without hesitation, recollecting the proper name of a warrior in the "Book of Kings," added the following line, ending with Pashen:—

Ferdusi.—"Like the spear of Gio, in his fight with Pashen."

Ansari highly complimented Ferdusi on his readiness, made him sit down by him, and in the course of the evening discovered so great a share of genius, fire, and poetical talent in his conversation, as to induce a most ungenerous determination in his mind of preventing his introduction at court, lest his accomplishments and intimate knowledge of ancient Persian history might constitute him a dangerous rival in fame as a poet, as well as raising him to a higher degree in the monarch's favour.

Sir G. OUSELEY presents a great many translations of famous passages from the Persian poets. Of these two or three will be sufficient.

SELMAN.

When death was evidently approaching its victim, this worthy pupil of the highly gifted poet and philosopher, Selman, composed the following affecting farewell:

"From the seat of empire of the soul I one day visited the habitations of mortals. For a short time I was here a stranger, but I now return to the home from whence I came.

"I was the servant of a lord, from whose presence I absented myself, but I now go before my master again, shame-faced and abashed, bearing with me my sword and winding-sheet.

"That holy bird, my soul, was for some time confined in this mortal cage, but the cage is now broken and the bird flies again to its beloved fields.

"Adieu, my friends and companions, my further sojourn in this world is forbidden, but may you enjoy every blessing and happiness in that abode from which I am now hastening."

NEZIRI.

Originally a goldsmith in his native city, a desire to see the world and a love of travel at an early age induced him to depart from it, and sojourn for some time at Kashan, beloved and respected by his fellow-poets, Hateri of Kashan, Fahami, Maksud, Shujaa, and Rezai, although vastly excelling them in the beauty and sweetness of his poetry. With Abdullah Beg he journeyed eastward, and arriving at Hindustan, had the happiness of being presented to the munificent favour and patronage of Abdurrahim Khan, the commander-in-chief of the imperial forces, and Khan i Khanan. His talents and the delightful charms of his conversation soon raised him beyond all competitors in the good graces of his patron, who, ere long, introduced him to the notice of the Moghul emperor, Jehangir. On being requested by that monarch to compose a poem on the palace which he was then building, Neziri recited extempore an ode of which the following is a couplet:

"O! may the dust of thy threshold be received as powdered sandal-wood on the heads of chiefs! May the eyelashes of crowned heads be the besoms of thy road!"

The emperor for this extravagant compliment bestowed upon him three thousand acres of land. It is mentioned in a book entitled "The Sayings of Poets" that another poet had adopted the Takhalus (poetical title) of Neziri, which rendered it necessary to distinguish Muhammed Husein as Neziri of Nishapur. A council of poets, however, confident of the generous disposition of Neziri, and knowing that he was rich, whilst his namesake was poor, negotiated and ordained that the former should purchase one letter (the final *ya*) from the latter at the price of 10,000 rupees (*ya* being the numeral ten), which was at once liberally agreed to; so that the poor "Neziri" became "Nezir," but at the same time a richer man than he ever expected to be as "Neziri," and Nishapuri was left in undisputed possession of his Takhalus, "Neziri." The unequalled beauty of Neziri's poetry obtained for him the highest praises from his own countrymen, as well as the poets of Hindustan, particularly of the celebrated Mirza Bidil. He was universally allowed to be a perfect master in the art of poetry, and his odes are quoted as the best model of lyric lore. The famous Saib says of him:

"O Saib, what a fancy to conceive you should ever equal Neziri! Even Urfi could never reach his power of song."

Yet Saib was celebrated for his odes, and Urfi for his elegies. Saib in another of his poems praises the incomparable talents of Neziri, whom he designates as the "sweet-voiced nightingale of Nishapur," &c.

NIZAMI.

Towards the close of his life he chiefly passed his time in retirement, seldom conversing with mankind.

"As a sweet rose confined in the tight bud of melancholy,
Thus am I become a recluse inhabitant of the temple."

Atabeg Kizl Arslan, wishing much to enjoy the pleasure of Nizami's society, sent a person to request his attendance. An answer was returned that Nizami, being a recluse, had ceased to frequent the courts of princes. The king, wishing to ascertain whether this modest independence was assumed or real, himself visited Nizami, who, by the miraculous powers granted

to him by the Almighty, discovered the monarch's intention, and also that he looked upon him in rather a contemptuous light. He, therefore, by the force of his sanctity, caused the vision of a royal throne to appear before the eyes of the atabeg, and all the pageantry of royalty attached to it, with a train of courtiers and servants decked out in brocade and jewels, all waiting upon the sheikh, who appeared seated on the throne. When King Arslan beheld this unlooked-for splendour he was confounded, and in respectful humility approached Nizami with the intention of kissing his feet; but at that moment the sheikh removed the illusion from before the atabeg's eyes, and appeared to him, what in truth he was, an old and decrepid man, sitting on a piece of felt, near the mouth of a cave, with the holy book, pen and ink, an oratory, and a staff placed before him. The king kissed the sheikh's hand with respect, and ever after entertained for him the most sincere veneration. Nizami also became the friend of the prince, and sometimes went to visit him.

But enough of these, which are certainly more curious than pleasing. Some specimens of Persian romance are given, but too long for extract. Some of the pithy sayings in which the Easterns take so much delight are worth remembering.

PERSIAN APHORISMS.

Nothing that is broken bears any value except the heart, which becomes the more valuable the more it is broken.

The unfeeling eye is never moistened by a tear.

We do not find a pearl in every shell.

Oh, my heart, if thou desirest ease in this life, keep thy secrets undisclosed like the modest rose-bud. Take warning from that lovely flower, which, by expanding its hitherto hidden beauties when in full bloom, gives its leaves and its happiness to the winds.

I saw a potter in the market-place, who incessantly stamped upon a piece of fresh clay that he might fashion it into a vessel, when the clay raised its voice and said, "I, too, was once a man like thee, therefore be gentle with me."

The value of three things are justly appreciated by three classes of persons. The value of youth by the old, the value of health by the diseased, the value of wealth by the needy.

Speak but little, and that little only when thy own purposes require it. Heaven has given thee two ears, but only one tongue, which means, listen to two things, but be not the first to propose one.

The Editor, the Rev. J. REYNOLDS, has performed his task with great industry and ability, and his notes form not the least valuable portion of the contents of this work.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The New Quarterly Review, or Home, Foreign, and Colonial Journal, No. XV. July. John W. Parker.—This number contains no fewer than twenty-six articles on more than that number of volumes. Chief among these reviews are STOKES'S "Discoveries in Australia;" MELVILLE'S "Residence in the Marquesas;" WELLS'S "Picturesque Antiquities of Spain;" PRICHARD'S "Researches into the Physical History of Man;" MISS PARDOE'S "Confessions of a Pretty Woman;" HOWELL'S "On the Odes of Horace;" KEPPEL'S "Expedition to Borneo, of H.M.S. *Dido*;" HORNE'S "Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures;" SHARPE'S "History of Egypt;" ROSCOE'S "Lorenzo de Medici;" "Count Grammont's Memoirs;" the Works of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, &c. &c. As many of these are important works, it follows that where so many reviews are to be comprised in one number, the books cannot be analytically examined, and their qualities tested, as thoroughly as they should be, but must be dismissed too frequently in a summary manner. This, however, is the only objection we have to urge against the *Review*; and we recommend its conductor seriously to consider whether a comprehensive number of reviews—many of them of works which scarcely justify the dis-

tion, thus given them—be preferable to fewer but abler and more brilliant articles; the former, indeed, may serve the purpose of extending the number of personal friends for the periodical, but it is the latter only can secure readers, and give weight and authority to its pages. *Monthly Prize Essays*, No. III. September. James Madden, Leadenhall-street.—Whether it succeed or not, this is a meritorious publication. The subjects chosen for the essays and poetry in the present number are:—"Boarding School Education;" "The Poetic of Childhood;" "On the Life and Death of Heydon;" "The Dressmaker;" "On Public Punishment;" "The Genius of Man;" "The Life of John Paul Richter;" "The Sea is the Pathway of Glory;" "The Gospel according to Michelet;" "Canzonetta;" "Prospects and Tendencies of the present Century;" "The Judgment of Paris," &c. Most of these themes are cleverly, and some even ably treated; evidence of inexperience in the management of the pen is, however, too often discernible; this, however, seems inseparable from the system adopted of inviting universal competition. The editor has, we think, need to be circumspect lest the hollow cant of the day find vent through these pages. More than one article in the number before us is tainted with this sin. We were especially pleased with the article—a biography in fact—on JOHN PAUL RICHTER. This man has scarcely been duly estimated by the English; we may, therefore, in hope of furthering the endeavour here made to extend the knowledge of the man and his writings, in a future number transfer this memoir to our pages. If this month's part of the *Prize Essays* be not superior to the preceding ones, which we incline to believe, most certainly there is no falling off either in interest or merit; we, therefore, wish to the undertaking success, and commend this periodical to the attention of our readers.

A Political Dictionary, Part XIV. Charles Knight.—This number carries us in the dictionary from the word *Suit* to that of *Transportation*, both inclusive. The character of the work as given in former numbers is sustained in the part before us, which offers nothing calling for special remark.

Cheek's Guide to the Game of Chess.—This is a neatly got up manual of this interesting game, suitable for carrying in the pocket. The history of the game, its rules and principles are succinctly and clearly given, and it forms at once the least expensive and most ably written of the small treatises on this popular and absorbing game that has hitherto issued from the press.

Two Discourses of the Objects, Pleasures, and Advantages, 1. of Science; 2. of Political Science. By HENRY, Lord BROUGHAM, F.R.S.—This forms one of Mr. Knight's monthly shilling volumes. Originally the first of the discourses was published as the introductory treatise to the "Library of Useful Knowledge," and the other was the introduction to his lordship's "Treatise on Political Philosophy." Both are reprinted in this volume under the sanction of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," and to such as have not before perused these treatises we recommend this book, since it gives in eloquent and impressive language much which it behoves every Englishman to know.

The People's Dictionary, Part XIII. Simpkin and Marshall.—This sound, ably-compiled, and comprehensive work progresses without perceptible decline in the merit of its articles. To say this of it is to give high praise, for it commenced most promisingly. The present number extends from "Colossians" to "Creation" inclusive.

Hymns for the Young, specially selected for the National and Sunday Schools. By J. OSBORNE. Redditch. Osborne.—Here is a little book to which in all sincerity we wish success. The selection has been made with excellent taste; and the hymns are happily adapted

to the purpose for which they were gathered, and to impress themselves permanently on the minds of those who use them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Short Sketches of the Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands. From the Journals of CHARLES ST. JOHN, Esq. Small 8vo. London, 1846. Murray.

NOT only to the sportsman, at this the season of his earliest enjoyment, and to the naturalist who desires to acquaint himself with the habits and peculiarities of wild animals, but to all who, whether at home or abroad, "in noisome city pent," or luxuriating in the country, have a relish for striking and beautiful scenery, this volume will prove an acceptable and entertaining companion. It is made up, for the most part, as the title states, from the MS. notes of Mr. ST. JOHN, dressed a little here and there for the sake of pictorial effect, and forms the most lively, varied, and amusing work of this nature which has issued from the press since the publication of Mr. SCROPE's notable and popular book on Deer-Stalking.

Like most sportsmen, Mr. ST. JOHN combines with a love for the chase a strong leaning towards natural history; and, being a man of close observation and sound judgment, the notes he has made, and the facts recorded, of the habits, and peculiarities of the *fera natura* inhabiting Scotland are of a value second only to those of a WHITE, a BEWICK, or a MONTAGUE. The eye of a painter also has fallen to his lot; and his hand is sure, his style graphic in describing the charming pictures which have lain before him. The snow-peaked or cloud-capped mountain, with its wavy outline and weather-blanching rocks; the brown broad moors, tenanted only by the grouse and a few widely-scattered sheep; the birch and pine slopes, which sheltered the graceful roebuck, the black-cock, and the hare; the lonely hill-tarn, glimmering to the light among the dark green heather, like molten silver in a dark setting of bloodstone, to whose waters the long trains of wildowl picturesquely stoop, and where the stately hart comes down to drink; the eagle of the sun, the kite, and the falcon, soaring in circles with faint shrill scream over head; the otter, and his prey the silvery salmon, in the rivers; the badger, the wild cat, and the marten in the woods; with a hundred other creatures inhabiting the solitudes of the hills and forests, have each and all in their turn been described with a fidelity and spirit second only to Nature herself.

A keen sportsman, an observant naturalist, something of a poet,—for a poet's appreciation of the beautiful he constantly evinces—good-humoured, intelligent, and communicative, Mr. ST. JOHN could not fail to produce a book which should be both entertaining in the highest degree, and at the same time instructive; for remarks upon the instincts and sagacity of animals, and upon natural objects generally, when made by so observant and reflective a man, can never be perused unprofitably.

Mr. ST. JOHN describes himself as being one who, "having passed a few years amidst the active turmoil of business, and in places where people do most delight to congregate, have at last settled down to live a busy kind of idle life." His bias towards natural history peeps out in the admission that like WATERTON he takes delight in gathering round him all sorts of living animals, and in watching their habits and instincts. The amity which subsists in his establishment between animals repugnant to each other in the wild state is pictured in the following extract:—

My dogs learn to respect the persons of domesticated wild animals of all kinds, and my pointers live in amity with tame partridges and pheasants; my retrievers lounge about amidst my wild fowl, and my terriers and beagles strike up friendship with the animals of different kinds whose capture they have

assisted in, and with whose relatives they are ready to wage war to the death. A common and well-kept truce exists with one and all. My boys, who are of the most bird-nesting age (eight and nine years old), instead of disturbing the numberless birds who breed in the garden and shrubberies, in full confidence of protection and immunity from all danger of gun or snare, strike up an acquaintance with every family of chaffinches or blackbirds who breed in the place, visiting every nest, and watching over the eggs and young with a most parental care.

Our author's abode is in Morayshire, "a part of the country," he tells us, "peculiarly adapted for becoming intimate with the habits of many of our British wild birds and quadrupeds." The surrounding country offers a great variety of beautiful and even grand scenery, as these pages continually testify.

In his excursions Mr. St. John was usually accompanied by a curious character named SIMON DONALD, to whom his introduction was curious; and, thoroughly to enable the reader to appreciate the extracts from this book which we propose to give, it is desirable he should know as much as possible of this odd attendant. We give our author's sketch of him *verbatim*.

My principal aide-de-camp in my sporting excursions is an old man, who, although passing for somewhat of a simpleton, has more acuteness and method in his vagaries than most of his neighbours. For many years he seems to have lived on his gun, but with an utter contempt of, and animosity against, all those who employ the more ignoble means of snaring and trapping game; and this makes him fulfil his duty as keeper better than many persons trained regularly to that employment. He is rather a peculiar person in his way, and has a natural tendency to the pursuit of the rarer and wilder animals—such as otters, seals, wild fowl, &c. which accords well with my own tastes in the sporting line; many a day, and many a night too, at all seasons, has he passed, lying in wait for some seal or otter, regardless of wet or cold. His neighbours, though all allowing that he was a most inveterate piacher, always gave him credit for a great deal of simple honesty in other things. So one day, having caught him in a ditch waiting for wild ducks, on my shooting grounds, instead of prosecuting, I took him into my service, where he has now remained for some years; and though he sometimes shows an inclination to return to his former way of life, he lives tolerably steady, taking great delight at all idle times in teaching my children to shoot fish or trap vermin—a kind of learning which the boys, young as they are, have become great proficient in, preferring Simon Donald to their Latin master; and though they attend regularly and diligently to the latter, they make equally good use of the lessons of the former, and can dress a fly and catch a dish of trout for dinner, gallop on their Shetland ponies across the wildest country, or hit a mark with a rifle as well as most boys of double their age.

We now enter upon the body of the work, and, in order to afford the reader an opportunity of judging for himself, think it best to resort to extract at once; accordingly, we commence with a sweetly-coloured picture of

NETTING A HIGHLAND LOCH.

In the quiet summer evenings it was interesting to see my crew of five Highlanders, as, singing a Gaelic song, they rowed the boat in a large semicircle round one of the bays, letting out the net as they went, one end of the rope being held by a man on the shore at the point from which they started. When they got to the other side of the bay, they landed, with the exception of one man, who remained in the boat to right the net if it got fixed in roots or stones. The rest hauled in the net gradually, bringing the two ends together. As it came in, a fine trout or pike now and then would be seen making a dart round the enclosed space within the net, or dashing at the net itself, dragging for a moment half the corks under water. The head man of the crew, a little peppery Highlander, invariably got into a state of the most savage excitement, which increased as the net approached the shore; and if any stoppage occurred from its being caught by a root or stick, he actually danced with excitement, hallooing and

swearing in Gaelic at the net, the men, and the fish. When all went on smoothly and well, he acted the part of fugleman with no little dignity, perched in the bow of the boat, and keeping the men in proper place and time as they dragged in the net. We generally caught a great number of trout and pike, some of very large size. By the time we had killed all the fish, and arranged them in rows to admire their beauty and size, the little captain (as the other men called him) subsided into a good-humoured calm; and having offered a pinch of snuff to the gamekeeper, whom he generally fixed upon in particular to shout at, in consequence of a kind of rivalry between them, and also in consequence of his measuring some head and shoulders higher than himself, he made a brief apology for what he had said, winding it up by saying, "And after all, that's no so bad, your honour," as he pointed to some giant trout. He would then light a pipe, and having taken a few whiffs, deliberately shove it alight into his waistcoat-pocket, and extracting a netting-needle and string, set to work, mending any hole that had been made in the net. This done, and a dram of whisky having been passed round, the net was arranged on the stern of the boat, and they rowed round the wooded promontory to the other creek, keeping time to their oars with some wild Gaelic song, with a chorus in which they all joined, and the sound of which, as it came over the water of the lake, and died gradually away as they rounded the headland, had a most peculiarly romantic effect.

Sometimes we did not commence our fishing till sunset, choosing nights when the full moon gave us sufficient light for the purpose. Our object in selecting this time was to catch the larger pike, who during the day remained in the deep water, coming in at night to the shore, and to the mouths of the burns which run into the lake, where they found small trout and other food brought down by the streams. During the night time, also, towards the beginning of autumn, we used to catch quantities of char, which fish then, and then only approached near enough to the shore to be caught in the nets. In the clear frosty air of a September night the peculiar moaning cry of the wild cats as they answered to each other along the opposite shore, and the hootings of the owls in the pine-wood, sounded like the voices of unearthly beings; and I do not think that any one of my crew would have passed an hour alone by that loch side for all the fish in it. Indeed, the hill side which sloped down to the lake had the name of being haunted, and the waters of the lake itself had their ghostly inhabitant in the shape of what the Highlanders called the water-bull. There was also a story of some strange mermaid-like monster being sometimes seen, having the appearance of a monstrous fish with long hair. It was a scene worthy of a painter, as the men with eager gestures scrambled up the fish glancing like silver in the moonbeams; and then, as they rowed round, sometimes lost in the shade of the pine-trees, which completely darkened the surface of the water immediately below the rocks on which they grew, or came again into full view as they left the shadow of the woods, the water sparkling and glancing from their oars. Frequently they stopped their wild chant, as the strange cries of the different nocturnal animals echoed loudly from the rocks, and we could hear the men say a few words of Gaelic to each other in a low voice, and then recommence their song.

The graceful roebuck, that appropriate ornament to the Scottish woods, is pleasantly described.

THE ROEBUCK.

As the spring advances, and the larch and other deciduous trees again put out their foliage, I see the tracks of roe and the animals themselves in new and unaccustomed places. They now betake themselves very much to the smaller and younger plantations, where they can find plenty of one of their most favourite articles of food—the shoots of the young trees. Much as I like to see these animals (and certainly the roebuck is the most perfectly formed of all deer), I must confess that they commit great havoc in plantations of hard wood. As fast as the young oak trees put out new shoots the roe nibble them off, keeping the trees from growing above three or four feet in height by constantly biting off the leading shoot. Besides this, they peel the young larch with both their teeth and horns, stripping them of their bark in the neatest manner imaginable. One can scarcely wonder at the anathemas uttered against them by proprietors of young plantations. Always graceful,

a roebuck is peculiarly so when stripping some young tree of its leaves, nibbling them off one by one in the most delicate and dainty manner. I have watched a roe strip the leaves off a long bramble shoot, beginning at one end and nibbling off every leaf. My rifle was aimed at his heart and my finger was on the trigger, but I made some excuse or other to myself for not killing him, and left him undisturbed—his beauty saved him! The leaves and flowers of the wild rose-bush are another favourite food of the roe. Just before they produce their calves the does wander about a great deal, and seem to avoid the society of the buck, though they remain together during the whole autumn and winter. The young roe is soon able to escape from most of its enemies. For a day or two it is quite helpless, and frequently falls a prey to the fox, who at that time of the year is more ravenous than at any other, as it then has to find food to satisfy the carnivorous appetites of its own cubs. A young roe, when caught unhurt, is not difficult to rear, though their great tenderness and delicacy of limb makes it not easy to handle them without injuring them. They soon become perfectly tame and attach themselves to their master. When in captivity they will eat almost anything that is offered to them; and from this cause are frequently destroyed, picking up and swallowing some indigestible substance about the house. A tame buck, however, becomes a dangerous pet; for after attaining to his full strength he is very apt to make use of it in attacking people whose appearance he does not like. They particularly single out women and children as their victims, and inflict severe and dangerous wounds with their sharp-pointed horns, and notwithstanding their small size, their strength and activity make them a very unpleasant adversary.

The mode of beating for roebuck, and the points where the sportsman must wait to shoot him, are thus detailed:

In shooting roe, it depends so much on the cover, and other local causes, whether dogs or beaters should be used, that no rule can be laid down as to which is best. Nothing is more exciting than running roe with beagles, where the ground is suitable; and the covers so situated that the dogs and their game are frequently in sight. The hounds for roe-shooting should be small and slow. Dwarf harriers are the best, or good sized rabbit-beagles, where the ground is not too rough. The roe, when hunted by small dogs of this kind, does not make away, but runs generally in a circle, and is seldom above a couple of hundred yards ahead of the beagles. Stopping every now and then to listen, and allowing them to come very near, before he goes off again; in this way, giving the sportsman a good chance of knowing where the deer is during most of the run. Many people use fox-hounds for roe-shooting, but generally these dogs run too fast, and press the roebuck so much that he will not stand it, but leaves the cover, and goes straightway out of reach of the sportsman, who is left to cool himself without any hope of a shot. Besides this, you entirely banish roe from the cover if you hunt them frequently with fast hounds, as no animal more delights in quiet and solitude, or will less put up with too much driving. In most woods beaters are better for shooting roe with than dogs, though the combined cunning and timidity of the animal frequently make it double back through the midst of the rank of beaters; particularly if it has any suspicion of a concealed enemy in consequence of having scented or heard the shooters at their posts, for it prefers facing the shouts and noise of the beaters to passing within reach of a hidden danger, the extent and nature of which it has not ascertained. By taking advantage of the animal's timidity and shyness in this respect, I have frequently got shots at roe in large woods by placing people in situations where the animal could smell them but not see them, thus driving it back to my place of concealment. Though they generally prefer the warmest and driest parts of the woods to lie in, I have sometimes, when looking for ducks, started roe in the marshy grounds, where they lie close in the tufts of long heather and rushes. Being much tormented with ticks and wood-flies, they frequently in the hot weather betake themselves not only to these marshy places, but even to the fields of high corn, where they sit in a form like a hare. Being good swimmers, they cross rivers without hesitation in their way to and from their favourite feeding-places; indeed I have often known roe pass across the river daily, living on one side, and going to feed

every evening on the other. Even when wounded, I have seen a roebuck beat three powerful and active dogs in the water, keeping ahead of them, and requiring another shot before he was secured. Though very much attached to each other, and living mostly in pairs, I have known a doe take up her abode for several years in a solitary strip of wood. Every season she crossed a large extent of hill to find a mate, and returned after two or three weeks' absence. When her young ones, which she produced every year, were come to their full size, they always went away, leaving their mother in solitary possession of her wood. The roe almost always keeps to woodland, but I have known a stray roebuck take to lying out on the hill at some distance from the covers. I had frequently started this buck out of glens and hollows several miles from the woods. One day, as I was stalking some hinds in a broken part of the hill, and had got within two hundred yards of one of them, a fine fat barren hind, the roebuck started out of a hollow between me and the red deer, and galloping straight towards them, gave the alarm, and they all made off. The buck, however, got confused by the noise and galloping of the larger animals, and, turning back, passed me within fifty yards. So to punish him for spoiling my sport, I took a deliberate aim as he went quickly but steadily on, and killed him dead. I happened to be alone that day, so I shouldered my buck and walked home with him, a three hours' distance of rough ground, and I was tired enough of his weight before I reached the house.

There is the circumstance and the colouring of nature, as we can from experience testify, in the following description of the grouse and his habits:—

Grouse generally make their nest in a high tuft of heather. The eggs are peculiarly beautiful and game-like, of a rich brown colour, spotted closely with black. Although in some peculiarly early seasons, the young birds are full grown by the 12th of August, in general five birds out of six which are killed on that day are only half come to their strength and beauty. The 20th of the month would be a much better day on which to commence their legal persecution. In October there is not a more beautiful bird in our island; and in January a cock grouse is one of the most superb fellows in the world, as he struts about fearlessly with his mate, his bright red comb erected above his eyes, and his rich dark-brown plumage shining in the sun. Unluckily, they are more easily killed at this time of the year than at any other; and I have been assured that a ready market is found for them not only in January, but to the end of February, though in fine seasons they begin to nest very early in March. Hardy must the grouse be, and prolific beyond calculation, to supply the numbers that are yearly killed, legally and illegally. Vermin, however, are their worst enemies; and where the ground is kept clear of all their winged and four-footed destroyers, no shooting seems to reduce their numbers.

One more extract, and we close our first notice of this book; it is a description of a day's shooting, which, although long, will be read by every one with interest.

October 20th.—Determined to shoot across to Malcolm's shealing, at the head of the river, twelve miles distant; to sleep there; and kill some ptarmigan the next day. For the first mile of our walk we passed through the old fir woods, where the sun seldom penetrates. In the different grassy glades we saw several roe, but none within shot. A fir-cone falling to the ground made me look up, and I saw a marten cat running like a squirrel from branch to branch. The moment the little animal saw that my eye was on him he stopped short, and, curling himself up in the fork of a branch, peered down on me. Pretty as he was, I fired at him. He sprang from his hiding-place and fell half way down, but catching at a branch, clung to it for a minute, holding on with his fore-paws. I was just going to fire at him again, when he lost his hold, and came down on my dogs' heads, who soon dispatched him, wounded as he was. One of the dogs had learned by some means to be an excellent vermin-killer, though steady and staunch at game. As we were just leaving the wood a woodcock rose, which I killed. Our way took us up the rushy course of a burn. Both dogs came to a dead point near the stream, and then drew for at least a quarter of a mile, and just as my patience began to be exhausted, a brace of

magnificent old blackcocks rose, but out of shot. One of them came back right over our heads at a good height, making for the wood. As he flew quick down the wind, I aimed nearly a yard ahead of him as he came towards me, and down he fell, fifty yards behind me, with a force that seemed enough to break every bone in his body. Another and another blackcock fell to my gun before we had left the burn, and also a hare, who got up in the broken ground near the water. Our next cast took us up a slope of hill, where we found a wild covey of grouse. Right and left at them the moment they rose, and killed a brace, the rest went over the hill. Another covey on the same ground gave me three shots. From the top of the hill we saw a dreary expanse of flat ground, with Loch A-na-caillach in the centre of it, a bleak cold-looking piece of water with several small grey pools near it. Donald told me a long story of the origin of its name, pointing out a large cairn of stones at one end of it. The story was, that some few years ago—"Not so long either, Sir," said Donald, "for Rory Beg, the auld smuggler, that died last year, has often told me that he minded the whole thing weel"—there lived down below the woods an old woman, by habit and repute a witch, and one possessed of more than mortal power, which she used in a most malicious manner, spreading sickness and death among man and beast. The minister of the place, who came, however, but once a month to do duty in a building called a chapel, was the only person who, by dint of prayer and Bible, could annoy or resist her. He at last made her so uncomfortable by attacking her with holy water and other spiritual weapons, that she suddenly left the place, and no one knew where she went to. It soon became evident, however, that her abode was not far off, as cattle and people were still taken ill in the same unaccountable manner as before. At last, an idle fellow, who was out poaching deer near Loch A-na-caillach late one evening, saw her start through the air from the cairn of stones towards the inhabited part of the country. This put people on the look-out, and she was constantly seen passing to and fro on her unholy errands during the fine moonlight nights. Many a time was she shot at as she flew past, but without success. At last a pot-valiant and unbelieving old fellow, who had long been a serjeant in some Highland regiment, determined to free his neighbours from the witch; and having loaded his gun with a double charge of gunpowder, put in, instead of shot, a crooked spicence and some silver buttons, which he had made booty of somewhere or other in war time. He then, in the most foolhardy manner, laid himself down on the hill, just where we were then standing when Donald told me the story, and, by the light of the moon, watched the witch leave her habitation in the cairn of stones. As soon as she was gone, he went to the very place which she had just left, and there lay down in ambush to await her return. "Deed did he, Sir," for auld Duncan was a mad-like devil of a fellow, and was feared of nothing. Long he waited, and many a pull he took at his bottle of smuggled whiskey, in order to keep out the cold of a September night. At last, when the first grey of the morning began to appear, "Duncan hears a sough, and a wild uncanny kind of skirl over his head, and he sees the witch herself, just coming like a muckle bird right towards him,—deed, Sir, but he wished himself at home; and his finger was so stiff with cold and fear that he could no scarce pull the trigger. At last, and long, he did put out (Anglicè, shoot off) just as she was hovering over his head, and going to light down on the cairn. Well, to cut the story short, the next morning Duncan was found lying on the cairn in a deep slumber, half sleep and half swoon, with his gun burst, his collar-bone nearly broken, and a fine large heron shot through and through lying beside him, which heron, as every one felt assured, was the caillach herself. "She has na done much harm since yon (concluded Donald); but her ghaist is still to the fore, and the loch side is no canny after the gloaming. But, Lord guide us, Sir, what's that?" and a large long-legged hind rose from some hollow close to the loch, and having stood for a minute with her long ears standing erect, and her gaze turned intently on us, she trotted slowly off, soon disappearing amongst the broken ground. But where are the dogs all this time? There they are, both standing, and evidently at different packs of grouse. I killed three of these birds, taking a right and left shot at one dog's point; and then going to the other. Off went Old Shot now, according to his usual habit, straight to a rushy pool. I had him from a friend in Ireland,

and being used to snipe-shooting, he preferred it to everything else. The cunning old fellow chose not to hear my call, but made for his favourite spot. He immediately stood, and now for the first time seemed to think of his master, as he looked back over his shoulder at me, as much as to say, "Make haste down to me, here is some game." And sure enough up got a snipe, which I killed. The report of my gun putting up a pair of mallards, one of which I winged a long way off, "Hie away, Shot," and Shot, who was licensed to take such liberties, splashed in with great glee, and after being lost to sight for some minutes amongst the high rushes, came back with the mallard in his mouth. "A bad lesson for Carlo that, Master Shot," but he knows better than to follow your example. We now went up the opposite slope, leaving Loch A-na-caillach behind us, and killing some grouse, and a mountain hare, with no white about her as yet. We next came to a long stony ridge, with small patches of high heather. A pair of ravens rising from the rocks, soared croaking over us for some time. A pair or two of old grouse were all we killed here. But the view from the summit was splendidly wild as we looked over a long range of grey rocks, beyond which lay a wide and extensive lake, with several small islands in it. The opposite shore of the lake was fringed with birch-trees, and in the distance were a line of lofty mountains whose sharp peaks were covered with snow. Human habitation or evidence of the presence of man was there not, and no sound broke the silence of the solitude excepting the croak of the ravens and the occasional whistle of a plover. "Yon is a fine corrie for deer," said Donald, making me start, as he broke my reverie, and pointing out a fine amphitheatre of rocks just below us. Not being on the look-out for deer, however, I did not pay much attention to what he said, but allowed the dogs to range on where they liked. Left to themselves, and not finding much game, they hunted wide, and we had been walking in silence for some time, when on coming round a small rise between us and the dogs, I saw two fine stags standing, who, intent on watching the dogs, did not see us. After standing motionless for a minute, the deer walked deliberately towards us, not observing us until they were within forty yards; they then suddenly halted, stared at us, snorted, and then went off at a trot, but soon breaking into a gallop, fled rapidly away, but were in sight for a long distance. Shot stood watching the deer for some time, but at last seeing that we took no steps against them, looked at me, and then went on hunting. We killed several more grouse and a brace of teal. Towards the afternoon we struck off to the shepherd's house. In the fringe of a birch that sheltered it, we killed a blackcock and hen, and at last got to the end of our walk with fifteen brace of grouse, five black game, one mallard, a snipe, a woodcock, two teal, and two hares; and right glad was I to ease my shoulder of that portion of the game which I carried to help Donald, who would at any time have preferred assisting me to stalk a red deer than to kill and carry grouse. Although my day's sport did not amount to any great number, the variety of game, and the beautiful and wild scenery I had passed through, made me enjoy it more than if I had been shooting in the best and easiest muir in Scotland, and killing fifty or sixty brace of birds.

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A Practical Manual of Elocution, embracing Voice and Gesture. Designed for Schools, Academies, and Colleges, as well as for Private Learners. By MERRITT CALDWELL, M.A. 8vo: Philadelphia, 1846: Sorin and Ball.

The study of elocution is one which has been too much neglected in the systems of education usually adopted at our schools. We cannot, at the present moment, call to mind any competent and really serviceable work published in this country for the furtherance of a knowledge of this necessary acquirement. Judging from the fact that the book before us has reached to a fourth edition in America, we are disposed to think that our transatlantic brethren estimate the importance of this art more highly than we have hitherto done; and certainly if, as we may fairly assume, the quality of the supply

bears proportion to the universality of the demand; the case is really such as it appears to be. The work before us is incomparably the most complete on the subject that has ever fallen into our hands. If we hinted an objection, it would be to its over-comprehensiveness;—as, for instance, in the vast number of rules for modulation of the voice, and the examples of inflection the author has laid down; believing, as we do, that many of these might be safely left to the taste and judgment of the speaker or reader; and that a multiplicity of rules overburthens and entangles the memory, and thus defeats the purpose for which they are designed.

This book enunciates the governing principles of elocution, and elaborately enters into a consideration of every subject which they comprehend and control. The graces of delivery, including emphasis, melody of voice, and expression, and the charms of gesture, dramatic, forensic, and for the pulpit, all are explicitly and judiciously laid down; and numerous examples of musical cadences and of gesture are given in the form of wood-cuts, illustrations to the letter-press. This is a work that justifies high praise, and will meet every requirement of the student, and we accordingly commend it to the attention of our readers.

Michèle's History of France, and edit has it redans to (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 264.) Louis has laid St. Louis, as we have said, by this war of 1242, finished those contests of the crown with its vassals which had been going on since the time of his ancestor, Louis the Fat. But it was not by warfare that he was to aid in breaking down the strongholds of feudalism. The vassals might have been beaten time and again, and yet the spirit of feudalism, still surviving, would have raised up new champions to contend against the crown. St. Louis struck at the spirit of the Middle Age, and therein insured the downfall of its forms and whole embodiment. He fought the last battles against feudalism, because, by a surer means than battling, he took, and unconsciously, the life-blood from the opposition to the royal authority. Unconsciously, we say; he did not look on the old order of things as evil, and try to introduce a better; he did not selfishly contend for the extension of his own power; he was neither a great reformer, nor a (so-called) wise king. He undermined feudalism, because he hated injustice; he warred with the Middle Age, because he could not tolerate its disregard of human rights; and he paved the way for Philip-Bel's struggle with the papacy, because he looked upon religion and the church as instruments for man's salvation, not as tools for worldly aggrandizement. He is, perhaps, the only monarch on record who failed in most of what he undertook of active enterprise, who was under the control of the prejudices of his age, who was a true conservative, who never dreamed of effecting great social changes, and who yet, by his mere virtues, his sense of duty, his power of conscience, made the mightiest and most vital reforms.

One of these reforms was the abolition of the trial by combat. Soon after the Poitou war, when poor old De la Marche, his gray locks bowed to the dust, was moaning his folly and his fortune, one of his vassals, who had sworn deadly enmity to him, accused the old man of unknown felonies, and dared him to the combat. His son wished to fight in his stead; but the ungenerous Alphonso insisted upon the appearance of his ancient enemy and insulter, in person. Against this sentence there was one cry of protest, and Louis, whose attention was called to the matter, interfered, and forbade the contest.

But though the king, as we have said, was the conqueror in his Poitou campaign, he returned from that region an invalid. A great part of his army had been made unwell by want of proper food, by foul air, and

impute water. The king himself passed from one phase of disease to another, until at length, in November 1244, a dysentery settled upon him. Sick, and each day more sick—from mouth to mouth, from town to town, the sad news spread. The churches echoed with the prayers and vows of priests and people, pleading for their king; for their noble, just, sympathizing king. Around Poitou, where the sufferer lay, were knots of country folks, and of Parisians who had walked out so far—all busy with the same sad questioning. No good news for them; sick, and each day more sick—so the word goes; and at last they say he is dead. Men look heavenward; where is there hope for them now, unless in heaven? Then comes a rumour that the tale was not true, and the monarch lives. Again comes a rumour that he is not only living, but has assumed the cross. How was it? Let us see what Joinville relates, and imagine the little points he omits. The sickness grew ever worse, he tells us, and no hope was left. Just breathing, the good king lay, wasted in body, resigned and fearless in soul. In his clear, calm mind he revolved, as we guess, the progress of the infidel arms, the neglect and deadness of Christendom on behalf of the land of Jesus. In his sick chamber, in subdued tones, they talked of the Tartar conquests, and of the barbarities of the Karismians in Palestine;—the sick man heard, but spoke not. They spoke to him, and he could not answer; scarce any pulse, scarce any breath; his kind eyes closed; so he lies, sinking away. Blanche, his mother, and Margaret, his wife, worn with watching and weeping, have left him to the two hired nurse-women. One of them from time to time bends over him; more and more deathlike grows his calm countenance; the smile of the departing soul hovering there; not yet fixed. Does he live still? The more eager of the two, who has been impatiently watching for the moment of death, listens; touches his wrist; holds a morsel of down to his nostrils; clasps her hands, and with upturned eyes answers, "Alas! it is all over." Her companion springs to the bedside, holds back the sheet with which the first would have covered his face, and tries in her turn to discover how life and death stand within him; patiently she listens, and patiently she presses his arm,—stands a moment, her pallid lips parted, then cries with swimming lids, "He lives, and will live to confound the enemies of the Lord." His vital power, just at the ebb, begins to swell again as he heard, in his living-death trance, her glad cry, her bold prophecy; his heart beats stronger, his lungs play again; by and by his voice comes; and his first words are, "Bring me the red cross." The last of the crusaders assumes the badge of his Master! I am but a poor old

It is not our purpose to follow Louis either in his first or second crusade. If the great work of his life was not to be done by fighting at home, still less was it to be accomplished by battles in Egypt or Tunis. His mission was other and greater than he dreamed of; and his service to Christendom was wholly unlike that which he proposed to himself. Of his Eastern labours and sufferings we can give but the leading dates, with here and there an anecdote worthy of recollection, as illustrating either the character of the man or of his times. In November, 1244, he took the cross; but it was June of 1248 before he was able to leave Paris to embark upon his cherished undertaking. During the interval, he laboured unceasingly to rouse all Europe to the necessity of union on behalf of the Holy Land, and in opposition to the infidels, who threatened, unless met by united Christendom, to plant their horse-tails upon the cathedrals of Paris and of Rome. He, even, by what we should call a trick, enlisted his nobles as crusaders, and the act is worthy of notice as illustrating the moral tone of the age; for, be it remembered, it was the act of one of the most truthful and conscientious of men. At

Christmas it was usual for the king to give to the gentles in his service new dresses. Louis invited his followers to meet him on that day at an early mass, before it was yet light. They came willingly, and each as he entered received a dress at the door, given in the king's name, and which he was requested to wear at the ceremony. All of course complied. On bended knees, with bowed heads, around the altar, they listened to the services of the church, in the dim waxen twilight. By and by the rays of the morning struggled through the darkness and the censer-smoke, and for the first time friend looked toward, and smiled on, friend. And in all faces there was surprise; some looked blank, some fearful, some merry; what meant all this dumb show? It meant this. On each shoulder stood, indelible, the red cross. And as the secret became evident, and they awoke to the truth, that, with their new cloaks, the pious monarch had bound them to the crusade, anger, grief, trouble, joy, and wonder, in varied combinations, spoke from the silent faces of the group of courtiers, in the midst of whom stood silently the grave, calm, kindly king. But of all the efforts which Louis was called on to make in order to bring about the desired union of Christendom, the most difficult and the least successful was his attempt to reconcile the Emperor of Germany, who was a kind of royal Luther, with the unforgiving Innocent the Fourth, who, after a long vacancy of the papal throne, had succeeded to Gregory the Ninth. Innocent was a man of capacity and immense stubbornness. The contest between pope and emperor was such that nothing but death could end it; they had been friends, but now were foes; and what enmity so deadly as that between old comrades! In December, 1250, Frederick died; and the head of the church, then at Lyons, whither he had been driven in the struggle, returned to Rome, singing hymns of joy, and at once proclaimed a crusade, not against Turks or Tartars, but against the successor of his ancient enemy. Meanwhile, in France, all was made ready for the departure of the champions of the cross. But their chief was destined to be yet farther tried. With ceaseless sighs and prayers, his mother and wife beset him, telling him his mind was disturbed at the moment; he took the vow to go to Palestine, and that he was no more bound thereby. Gently the pious king replied to their urgency; but still they urged their suit that he would stay, and brought the bishop of Paris to support their pleas. "It may be so," said Louis mildly. "Hope glowed in their affectionate, unheroic eyes. I was not in a state to act wisely, you say?" "You were not surely." "Behold, then, I tear my cross from my shoulder." They leaped for joy. "And am I now well?" "Can I judge wisely now?" "Most wisely, beloved son and lord." "Well, then,"—and we may think the unflinched monarch could scarce suppress a smile, though his peace-loving eyes kindled with the hope of yet warring for God. "Well, then, I now resume the cross; and no food shall pass my lips till I am bound anew sworn soldier of my Lord." On the twenty-fifth of August, 1248, the devoted crusader embarked for Cyprus. Having passed the winter there, on the fifth of June, 1249, he landed in Egypt, which was then being conquered before Palestine could be safely attacked. On the seventh of June, Damietta was entered, and there the French slept and feasted, wasting time, strength, and money, until the twentieth of the following November. Then came the march southward; the encampment upon the Nile; the terrors of the Greek fire; the skirmishes which covered the plain with dead; the air heavy with putridity and pestilence; the putrid water; the fish fat with the flesh of the dead; sickness, weakness, retreat, defeat, captivity. On the sixth of April, 1250, Louis and his followers were prisoners of the Mussulmans; Louis might have saved himself, but would not quit his followers; he had

been faithful thus far, and would be still death. And when he had procured his freedom, he would not yet leave the East for his own land. He thought of the prisoners in the hands of the Mamelukes; he remembered the Christians of the Holy Land, and determined to remain where he could best serve the suffering. On the eighth of May, 1250, Louis was a freeman, and it was not until the twenty-fifth of April, 1254, that he set sail to return to his native shores, where Blanche, who had been regent during his absence, had some months since yielded up her breath.

On the seventh of September, he entered Paris, sad and worn. All met him with joy and honour, but with eyes abased, he walked without a smile through the streets of his capital. Ten years had passed, and what had been done? Poor king! bowed with self-reproaches, he little knew that during those ten years he had done, though none saw it, and he knew nothing of it, a vast work—a work to make his reign ever memorable; he had founded a throne in the hearts of his subjects, and had made himself, through their affections, omnipotent as the leader of the great crusade against the abuses of the Middle Ages. Every wounded knight that had come from Egypt, every freed captive, every soldier that retired from service, had told with enthusiasm of the sanctity and the humanity of their king. A knight, a devotee, a kind and just man, he met at one point or another the wishes and prejudices of every class; but especially, by his sympathy with the masses, and his readiness to consider their generally neglected welfare and rights, he won upon the body of his people, and laid the foundation for that strong feeling which not only led at last to his canonization, but made every ordinance of his life at once bind them as subjects, and control them as the word of a true hero. The shepherd-crusade of 1251, which had degenerated into a mere rabble-swarm of thieves and rogues, began in a love for the captive monarch; and the feeling which prompted that hasty and evil movement, a feeling in favour of Louis, as a contrast, if not an antagonist, to the proud, luxurious, and selfish prelates and nobles, continued after his return from captivity. And scarce had he landed, before he began that course of legislation which continued until once more he embarked upon the crusade. In captivity, under suffering, treated with imperfect justice, and at the mercy of tyrannical masters, we may easily believe that Louis had revolved in his mind once and again the injustice done in his own realm, and to his own people. In his lonely hours of distress and sickness, how natural was it for such a soul to conceive of a complete revision and reform in those judicial processes which he was conscious wrought so much wrong; and especially to so true a soul, how natural the determination to begin by righting the wrongs done by himself and his ancestors! True and noble soul, indeed; full of prejudices, and superstitions, and errors, it may be; but how free from the mass of those errors and evils which beset the men who then breathed, walked, wept, laughed, and did work in the world! Where shall we look among rulers for a parallel in point of disinterested heroism, unless to our own Washington? In his first legislative action, Louis proposed to himself these objects:—to put an end to judicial partiality, to prevent needless and oppressive imprisonment for debt, to stop unfounded criminal prosecutions, and to mitigate the horrors of legalized torture. In connection with these general topics, he made laws to bear oppressively upon the Jews, to punish prostitution and gambling, and to diminish intemperance. And it is worthy of remark, that this last point was to be attained by forbidding innkeepers to sell to any others than travellers,—a measure now (six hundred years later) under discussion in some parts of our Union, with a view to the same end.

But the wish which this rare monarch had to recompense all who had been wronged by himself and forefathers was the uppermost wish of his soul. He felt that to do justice himself was the surest way to make others willing to do it. Commissioners were sent into every province of the kingdom to examine each alleged case of royal injustice, and with power in most instances to make instant restitution. He himself went forth to hear and judge in the neighbourhood of his capital, and as far north as Normandy. The points which weighed mainly, however, on the mind of Louis were not the private wrongs which were to be set aright, but those international difficulties whence grew ceaseless war in Christendom, the victories of the infidels, and scandal to the name of the Prince of Peace. France was embroiled on the one hand with England, on the other with Aragon. Neither of these powers was sufficiently strong to wring any thing from her; and as to the justice of the matters, both were *Oregon questions*—each party in the contest honestly conceived itself to have a clear claim to the disputed territory. Here, then, was a case for heathen patriotism to struggle with Christian justice in the mind of the stronger monarch. It may be they did struggle, but not long. The self-forgetting crusader looked on justice and generosity as nobler virtues than mere heathen patriotism; he saw, with his heart and conscience, if not his mind, that whoso begins by loving his country more than right will end by loving himself more than his country. With England and with Aragon, during the year 1258, he concluded treaties, in opposition to swarms of wise, selfish advisers, whereby peace and concession were substituted for obstinacy and war.

Such were the first acts of our crusader, when he came to his home once more. Can we wonder that men already, in their speechless hearts, canonized him? And when, a little after, it was again noised abroad that the king lay deadly ill, and every hour's news were listened for with faces ready to weep, or beam with joy,—how heart-touching to hear men tell one another at the street corners, and in the butchers' shops, and by the dusty road side, or in the crisp harvest-field,—how the dear king had called his young heir, now sixteen, to his bedside, and had said to him,—“Fair son, I pray you make the people of your kingdom love you; for I would rather a Scotchman from Scotland should come and govern the people of my realm well and justly, than that you, child of my loins, should rule them in evil.” Poor Louis! he rose from his sick bed; but his son lay down in his stead, and rose no more.

And as he grew yet older, the spirit of generosity grew stronger daily in his bosom. He would have no hand in the affairs of Europe, save to act, wherever he could, as peacemaker. Many occasions occurred where all urged him to profit by power and a show of right, a naked legal title, to possess himself of valuable fiefs; but Louis shook his head, sorrowfully and sternly, and did as his inmost soul told him the law of God directed. And with all this, we say again, he had no spark of radicalism in him; nay, he was eminently conservative. He revered the old feudal customs, and never, by direct means, warred against them. He wrought in opposition to the infinite evils of feudalism, its God-antagonism,—not against its conventional mischiefs, its impolicy, and awkward semiorganization. When his friend Joinville, in 1248, would not take the oath taken by those who held directly from the crown, because his immediate lord was the Count of Champagne, Louis may have smiled at the feudal foolery of his faithful follower, but deemed him none the less a friend. Many reformers are like the wolf, which tears the cast-off coat of the flying victim, and loses its prey; Louis, like all heart-directed Christian labourers for humanity, struck

at the living fugitive, not the dead garment that was left behind.

And how did he strike? We have already referred to his earlier laws on behalf of right; let us now look farther.

Feudalism rested on physical force. Its gospel was given in three words,—“Might makes right.” Upon this idea all feudal relations depended, all feudal laws (if we may use such a word) were founded. In a double sense, its was a system of *feuds*. Its legislation rested on arbitrary will; its judicial proceedings on strong limbs, able to work out the judgments of God; its executive functions were confided to men-at-arms. The despotism of baronial ignorance and obstinacy, the judicial combat, and private warfare, formed the three divisions of feudal, legal, and political science. Against these Louis the Ninth laboured. His clear soul knew that the determinations of the church, from the time of Hildebrand and earlier, against these things were not mere ecclesiastical censures, but were expressions of the deepest feelings of man's nature. And though the church in practice had fallen far short of the theory of her great leaders on this and countless other points,—though in her bosom, too, were despots, tempters of God, and lovers of blood,—the great truth which lay in the action of those leaders was evident to the seeing eyes of the just monarch of France. In October, 1245, before he went upon his sad Egyptian pilgrimage, he had issued an ordinance, the purpose of which was to counteract the old Germanic, barbarian, and so feudal, feeling, that a wrong done one was not to be revenged by injury to the wrong-doer, but must be washed out by vengeance taken on his innocent kindred. He that slew his brother's murderer did but take the place of the hangman or headman; he must slay one who did not deserve slaying, and so place himself on an equality with the offender. This, within limits, Louis forbade; if a man must have blood, he should take the blood of the wrong-doer. Next came a law by which either party liable to be involved in a private warfare might, by going to a feudal superior, prevent the resort to force; the other party, in short, was bound to keep the peace, and if he did not keep it, he was hung. But these steps, though large ones, were not enough to satisfy the conscientious lawmaker; and in January, 1257, by the advice and consent of his council, he utterly forbade all private warfare whatsoever. True, his prohibition did not stop it entirely and at once; but from the moment he promulgated this last edict, we may be sure that all who revered its author, all who loved quiet, all who saw the evils of overruling physical force, all who recognized the immense moral mischief of the old system, united in upholding the ordinance of Louis, and founding the reign of modern law. The husbandman whose corn-fields were trampled to mire, the merchant whose goods roving bands of armed men seized by the way, the mechanic whose shop was searched for arms and accoutrements, the priest who was insulted by the lawless soldiery, the newly seen law-student whose scraps from the Pandects were torn from him by unlettered squires; all the lower, all the middle, and a large part of the female half of the higher class, were agreed upon the vital question, “Shall this private redress of wrongs continue?” With one voice they answered, “No;” and though for more than a century the baronial power withstood king, commons, and women, it each day grew weaker, and drew nearer to its last death-struggle.

But the use of force in the executive department was a less evil, and a more manageable one, than its use in courts of justice; and for a plain reason; an all-prevailing superstition sanctioned the latter; the judicial combat was an appeal to God, and in those “ages of faith,” the masses—not the church—smiled on every such appeal.

Nor was it superstition and popular feeling alone which upheld the judgment by force of arms; the interest of the armed aristocracy was no less urgent in its support. So long as a good lance, a trusty steed, and a strong arm, could insure a man God's voice in his favour—that is, so long as might could make right—all who were trained to the battle-field as their true sphere feared nothing; they dared in any cause meet any one in battle, and the combat was a reference of all questions to strength and skill.

(To be continued.)

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLING BACHELOR ON CITIES, LITERATURE, AND ART.

LETTER XIII.

It was upon a beautiful evening, after a day spent as my former letter has described, in examining the various collections of literature and art, when we started for the Linkesche Baths, a kind of Gravesend, with a theatre attached to it, much resorted to by the inhabitants of Dresden. The Bruhl Terrace was full, and I had an opportunity of observing there many of

La bella schiera che pure adorna il mondo,

who were promenading and shewing very many pretty figures, pretty features, and good complexions, and the most part of whom were of

Stature tall;—I hate a dumpy woman, especially in public. I was, however, struck with the "triste" and something more expression of their features. There was neither the radiant vivacity of the French, nor that appearance of perfect health, and ever predominant sense of duty, of mother and daughter propriety, and strict attention to fashion, if not to taste, which characterises our own charming feminine fellow passengers "in this veil;" but a look, heavy, flat, and inexpressive, for which a generally handsome line of feature does not, and cannot, compensate. The Saxons have a reputation in Germany of being somewhat addicted to that mental weakness we term stupid, which, if true, and they admit its truth as regards the men, very doubtless causes this infliction of its presence upon the features of the Saxon women. For they who necessarily reflect so much of the characters of others in their modes of thought and moods of action, must be considered also with reference to the intellectual standard of those with whom it is their destiny to live. The intellectual powers, and the gentleness and elegance of women, are most frequently called forth from that natural desire to attract and please which imparts so great a charm to them, and so much civilization to us. No human creature, however, exerts himself or herself for nothing. The understanding must be gratified, the imagination quickened, the feelings pleased, to awaken and maintain this desire; and how can this be the case when the finest gifts of nature to the fairest portion of creation are crushed or worn away by daily contact with dull, hard, contradictory, impassive, limited understandings, offuscated with smoke and beer, or callous to every emotion but that of daily gain? And that amid successive generations of such men, with the best prospects, clad in the best Saxony wool, many women are born, populate this world, and die, who can doubt? I do not say there are not many of the sex to whom also the above terms are partly applicable, but I do think we are very frequently unjust, and charge the entire sisterhood with being trifling, and, as POPE says, "of no characters at all," whereas, if they are, they are so simply because our own mental condition has so made them. Whenever I hear the intellectual capacity of woman condemned, and this opinion received as a common and settled conviction among men, I know that I have entered the kingdom of "Noodleland," and must bear, as well as may be, the afflictions and inflictions of

ignorance and self-conceit, and that also of the "very excellent and superior Mr. Stanleys," who govern and enfeeble the minds of its population by the influence of the sovereign authority of their own very natural but exceedingly subduing common-place. Now to the Linkesche theatre; for what I have written above was our conversation as we traversed the road to this out-of-doors and in-door place of amusement. The gardens are about half a mile (or, if you lose your way, somewhat more) from the Neustadt on the banks of the Elbe. It seemed to me a somewhat damp locality well supplied with benches and beer aleoves, Vauxhall promenades, and a band of music, which in summer brings all Dresden hither,—the gentlemen to listen, smoke, and drink beer; the ladies to listen, sip coffee, and knit stockings. The band was disbanded, so we took our seats within. The theatre is small, but neatly decorated, and was at the time of our arrival filled to the roof, with country parties and Dresden citizens, and citizenesses, who,

With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth,

awaited the beginning of the play. Now, look you, the play was of the vaudeville kind, and I will show you the manner of it. A certain young German student returns home for the vacation. He is accompanied by a servant of the genus Leporello, and fellow students of all kinds who dwell in the same country quarters. They are separated in a wood much haunted with robbers, fairies, and spirits of the "Gnome-fly" order. He falls asleep, in which position he is caught napping by a lady with an oak-leaf chaplet, and dressed in such muslin over nudities as theatrical wood-nymphs wear,

Pretty shoes, silken hose,
Covered ankles and toes,

In other respects she was scanty of clothes.

He awakens—he gazes upon her, "My legs—he saw—I conquered!" Yes, notwithstanding he is betrothed to his Carry, whose dark clustered locks, eyes lustrous with the liquid light of love, and rich complexion, in which the innate feelings of the woman glow, animating all, and imparting to every feature a diviner sense of beauty; notwithstanding, too, the law, that if she loves aught of mortal mould, she loses her spiritual and eternal attributes; whether, being woman, she must love, or because she is a woman must oppose and disobey, or whether single blessedness be an uneasy condition of being, the which I know not and dare not speculate upon; certain, however, it is, the Lady of the Wood tempts him: the student forswears his first love, and pledges fidelity to his second in an extremely manly manner! Through what variety of untied being they now pass, I cannot detail, but must suppose an interval of four acts to have elapsed as the playbills have it, and that in the final one Carry is contented to take up with a respectable publican, reputed excellent as a father of a family, which, judging by his manners, bottles, and opinions, I conceived the man to be; and that the fair Gnome, equally happy with her dearest Henry, who has promised to leave off smoking, reduce his beard, and the number of his vagabond acquaintances, is similarly contented to live in a village and settle down to the household duties of a well-bred German Frau. We bore it all, and very patiently, for the weight of the love and of the alternate despair was relieved by some excellent comic songs, given by the Leporello above-named, who, Aristophanes like, introduced very clever hits at the manners, fashions, habits, and peculiarities of Young Germany and Young Dresden, the march of intellect, patent inventions, and feminine modes of the day. It was a clear moonlight night, the Elbe lay like a thread of silver light across the plain, and the banks, clothed with every kind of rich verdure, were broken into masses of light and shade; the watchmen were blowing the hour upon their horribly noisy cow-horns; and all the population hurrying hither and thitherward, as if ashamed to be out after ten, as we crossed the bridge for the last time, and betook ourselves to our inn. We have since visited the opera-house (a handsome building with an excellent covered corridor extending almost entirely round it) twice, and have seen *A Letter from Switzerland* and *The Thirteenth of November*, the former an excellent *comediatta*, and the latter a dreary piece of sentimental tragedy and murderous interest, every way calculated for the Surrey side of the Thames, and to send our maid home wringing her hands from the intensity of the dramatic acting. Pity HOLFORD is not alive to translate it, and that the generation which took to adultery and pistols because of WERTHER is

gathered to the past, and unable to do it honour. As I sat and suffered (Uncle WILLIAM slept, nidded to the change of scene, and nodded even his approbation of the conclusion), I could but think of the comparative mental elevation of KEELEY'S Orange Moll, whose "before I'd talk such sniff sniff," uttered upon a similar occasion of fine sentimental speaking, recurred perpetually to mock the pressing interest of the scene. Why do I send you such details of the play? Because it is by this you can only from a traveller judge of the social amusements of the people amid whom he passes; it is part of their out-door life, a sign not to be disregarded. I have now, however, the pleasure of transmitting to you that which I trust will gratify the Old Brompton feminine world—an account of a lady's presentation at court, and the ceremony observed thereat. I shall transcribe it as literally as possible, lest I sin in attempting a description:—"The day before, the ladies who were to be presented assembled at the house of one of the foreign ministers, where the Marquise D——, a most delightful little woman, received us, and we proceeded with a long train of carriages to the palace, there to be also introduced to the Queen's lady in waiting. We were here ushered into a large room, led up, made our curtsies, and then took our places upon chairs arranged in a circle, feeling intensely stiff, and looking intensely formidable at each other. Five minutes or more elapsed; there was an interchange of pleasant words, and kind inquiries between her Majesty's lady and the ambassador; after which we curtsied, and withdrew. We then traversed the palace, and were next presented to another lady in waiting of a member of the royal family, then got into our carriages, and drove in procession all through the town, leaving our cards at the houses of most of the principal nobility of Saxony. The next day we did not go to the palace until seven o'clock, the drawing-rooms being held here in the evening, which is a custom to be preferred to that in England, where it is often very cold, and any thing but pleasant to go out in an evening dress in the middle of the day. Here we all met in an ante-room, where our names were learnt by heart, by the Hof Maréchal, and then were all ushered into a large and very handsome room, and placed in a circle standing. There was a gentle tapping of Sticks (like our Gold, Silver, and Copper ones in Waiting), and the King, the Queen, Prince John, Princess John, Princess Augusta, and Prince Albert (the heir apparent), entered, with a long retinue of the court ladies and gentlemen in attendance. Their Majesties began at the top of the circle, and as each lady was introduced, addressed her with the kindest and most condescending courtesy, and that indefinable grace which characterises them on such occasions, to all which we becomingly replied, and in the same manner successively to the other six royal personages in turn. The English were addressed in French, but the king, perceiving a slight hesitation in the reply of one, very graciously said, "I can speak a little English," and carried on the conversation very pleasantly in that language. The gentle affability they evinced assumed all the pleasantness of a natural feeling with the other junior branches of the royal family, which the restraint that must be practised by the highest grades of society, even towards the higher, does, in their case, naturally prevent, and all, even to the little "heir-apparent," had something kindly to hope, to notice, or refer to, in immediate relation with our own dear humble selves. After we had all been introduced and addressed, the royal party left the room by one door, and we soon after by another, and then we were ushered through a number of really very fine and "handsomely furnished apartments," hung with silk, damask, and rich dark crimson and gold, filled with splendid specimens of Dresden china, Buhl and Bohemian glass, until at last we arrived at two very large rooms, filled with all the rest of the people who had been before presented; all the gentlemen in uniform, or court uniform, and all the ladies in trains (some very superb), and we really formed a very interesting, agreeable, not to say—beautiful sight. Here the royal family again entered, addressing with the greatest and kindest condescension all the principal ladies and gentlemen with whom they were acquainted. They next proceeded to the card-room, where a whist-table was laid out for each royal personage, who invited such of the ladies and gentlemen of the highest rank who had been presented that day to join them. Then began a very curious ceremony: all those who were not playing, but who have been presented, are permitted to approach

each of these tables, separately and in succession, beginning with Her Majesty's, and to wait there till they address or notice you, then make a low curtsy and withdraw, which enables you to become well acquainted with the persons of the royal family, to be recognised by others as having been at court, and to improve yourselves very greatly by observing how the court cards conduct themselves, when kings and queens use them, in a palace at the "royal game of whist." This ceremony over, we were free, and had nothing more to do than amuse ourselves in the other rooms, amid some very handsome people and dresses, and some others who did the contrary, doubtless out of politeness, by way of foil." I have not hitherto said a word about the dresses, so add the following, with due submission to the authority of the *Court Journal*, and that anonymous, anomalous, and very apocryphal old gentleman, the "Court Newsmen," who will, I trust, excuse any errors I may commit in transcribing my fair communicant's details, seeing that these be things not named by the primeval Adam, and apt to puzzle his sons, to the latest of his successive generations. First, as invariably,

My way is, to begin with the beginning.

I begin with her Majesty, who was dressed in a gown and train of pink and gold tissue, trimmed with gold and silver blonde, a train of most splendid diamonds, and hanging pearls and a profusion of diamonds on her neck and dress, all which were becomingly enhanced by her tall figure and dignified refinement of manner. The Princess John was arrayed almost in the same style, and the Princess Augusta wore the most splendid emeralds ever seen, and a train of geranium velvet embroidered in gold. Then as to ourselves, why L—— and I had petticoats of Tarlatan, with two flounces trimmed with pink, and trains of pink glacé silk trimmed with pink tulle, berths of rare old point lace and coronet wreaths. Lady C——, whose taste you dare not question, superintended this important matter; and our dress was pronounced "simple and pretty," which, if you repeat, I bid you be cautious to connect impressively with *dresses*, lest accidentally these terms might be applied to certain friends "you wot of." Charity and truth forbid! The ball-room—"simple and very pretty"—hardly requires description; it is the reminiscence of something which—as a bachelor, I am only entitled to suspect—I have sometimes met with, sometimes felt; it recalls some graceful form clad in white muslin, and much ornamented with chaplet wreaths, worn as of old by Roman emperors, something excessively rural, much overcome of county talk, and the greatness of the aristocracy of the county town, feeble, fanciful, foolish, flirting, apt to doubt with blushing ineptitude, or to welcome with a foolish face of praise, the most "banal" story and the silliest observations.

Practised to liep, and hang the head aside,
Faint into airs; or prose you dead with pride.

A character, thou knowest, O Conscience! thou mayest not associate with hers whose presentation at Court she has thus represented to you. But you say, "Fiddle faddle; don't tell us of this and that, and every thing in the world; but give me mathematical demonstration" of the lady. So I sketch her; beware of the peace of mind of "Young Brompton," if HEATH transfers it to the graver. M—— then, is about, or perhaps rather above, the middle size; her figure is well modelled, combining firmness, grace, and elasticity with that exquisite roundness which are the principal attributes of physical beauty. The hair, once auburn, is now darkening into a rich brown; her complexion is brilliant and clear, her forehead open, fair and smooth, her eyes blue, and suffused at intervals with an expression pensive more than melancholy, or radiant with

Joy, shining in their bright orbs of light;

the features English and regular, the face oval and full, and the entire composition pleasant to read, and agreeable to refer to. Is it not one of the kindest gifts of memory and imagination which thus enables you to summon the forms of the absent or of the dead into your presence, and to hold converse with them, as with things real? Is it not a god-like power,—this the highest happiness of thought,—to revive persons, events, and scenes of interest in relation to oneself, but ah! indescribably more so when linked with those portions of our lives now chiefly noted, only valued, because of their associations with others? To know that the presence of a friend never

can be wholly lost; that his form can be visually recalled, his features, his manner, his slightest action, the sound of his voice, the converse of his hours of occupation or of ease, is ever your own; that you have but to will, and he is before you; to summon Memory as the Genius of the departed Spirit, and his accents once more fall upon the ear;—surely this is an intellectual power which should subdue sorrow, does solace in separation, must recreate in life, which we would not willingly survive, nor even in death forego. But

'Tis time we should refer to plain narration,
And thus my narrative proceeds.

We have been prevented by weather and other unavoidable inconveniences from visiting Saxon Switzerland, but go by the Elbe steamer and diligence to-morrow to Toplitz, and thence to Prague. I trust that in my journeying through Bohemia and Austria, I may be enabled to collect and digest much of moving incident by flood and field.

Accio che ognun ch'illegge, benedica
L'ultimo effetto della mia fatica.

ART.

The Committee of the Art-Union have expressed their approbation of Mr. Foley's model for a statue of "Innocence," sent in to the late competition, by an award of 100*l.* to the artist, on condition of receiving a reduced copy, to be executed in porcelain, for distribution;—and Mr. Kirke's model of "Iris Ascending" is to be reduced, for the purpose of casting in bronze.

IMPORTATION OF STATUARY AND PAINTINGS.—The *Legeria* brig arrived in the St. Katherine's Dock from Leghorn, bringing about thirty valuable paintings by the most eminent of the old masters, marble statues and ornaments, and other articles of *verthé*. Some of the statues are very large, being each nearly a ton in weight. They are consigned to the council of the Royal Academy.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—The tessellated and asphalté pavement in the centre of the Royal Exchange is now removed, the Turkish stone that formed the pavement of the Exchange, destroyed by fire in 1838, having been substituted. On Friday workmen were engaged inscribing in letters of gold the names of the gentlemen forming the Joint Gresham Committee on its opening, as well as the inscription commemorative of the founding and rebuilding of the Royal Exchange. They are placed in the north and south-west angles of the building.—*Globe*.

A deputation from the Society of British Artists waited on Sir George Grey, on Wednesday, at the Home-office, with reference to the application of the society for a royal charter of incorporation.

RUINS OF NINEVEH.—Intelligence has been received that the blocks of sculpture lately found in the ruins of Nineveh have been safely got on board the *Cormoran*, at Bassora. The vessel sailed from that port on June 1, on her way to France. She was to put in to Bourbon on her way home.

PROGRESS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The necessity for supervision on the part of the public is made evident, amongst numerous examples, by the new *façade* of the British Museum, now rapidly progressing. We have all proper respect for the architect of that structure, Sir Robert Smirke, and are not about to offer any hasty remark on the elevation *per se* at this moment. Surely, however, if the design had been made public before the works were commenced, some alteration would have been insisted on, and instead of repeating the Post-office, Sir Robert would have been led to design a new building, to the great improvement of the metropolis and his own manifest advantage as regards posterity. Something might still be done to improve it.—*The Builder*.

From Strasburgh, it is stated that Andrew Friedrich, the sculptor, of that place—who has executed at his own expense a monument to Erwin, the builder of the Strasburgh Minster, at the native place of the latter, Steinbach, near Baden,—has now made an offer to the corporation of Cologne to execute a statue of John Hülz, a native of that city, who completed the top of the Strasburgh Cathedral. It will be made of Kronthal sandstone, and placed in St. Andrew's Church, near the dome.

A curious medal is being at present struck at the Paris Mint. On one side are two allegorical figures representing Abundance pouring her treasures into the coffers of France. On the reverse is a crown, with the following legend:—"Bourse de Paris: Cour. des Fonds Publics Consolidé, 1816: Five per Cents. 60*fr.*—1846, Five per Cents. 120*fr.*"

The continental papers, and the English ones copying them, have informed most of our readers that the Prince de Rohan perished, a week or two ago, in the bath of the Military School of Natation at Prague. The journals of that city now inform us that, on the day after his melancholy death, the colossal statue in white marble, of Godfrey of Bouillon, King of Bohemia,—which that prince had caused to be executed, by M. Alexis Veit, for a gift to the National Bohemian Museum of Prague,—arrived at its destination. The same unfortunate prince had ordered from the same sculptor, for the same institution, the statues of two celebrated Bohemian generals, Georges de Podiebad, and the Duke de Bretenlau, surnamed the Bohemian Achilles.

MUSIC.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.

A SKETCH of the argument and of the musical action may prove acceptable to our readers. The oratorio opens with the prophecy of a famine which *Elijah* announces in a recitative. An introductory movement or overture follows, which indicates the sufferings that result; a chorus of the people, "Help, Lord, wilt thou quite destroy us?" follows; another in recitative succeeds, "The deeps afford no water;" the people, reduced to extremity, then entreat the Lord to bow his "ear to their prayer," and while they thus sing in chorus, a duet (by angels) breaks in at intervals—"Zion stretched forth her hands for aid." A solo is then heard: "Ye people, rend your hearts, and not your garments;" yet still the sufferers continue their complaints in a chorus, "Yet doth the Lord see it not;" and in the midst of it they are reminded that the Lord is a jealous God, that he visiteth the sins of the fathers upon the children of them that hate him, and sheweth mercy on the descendants of them that love him and keep his commandments. *Elijah* is then desired by an angel to depart and sojourn by the brook Cherith. A double quartet (of angels) tell him that they are charged by the Lord to protect and guide him. The brook of Cherith becomes dry, and the angel directs the prophet to get him to Zarephath, where a widow, inspired by the Lord, will provide for him. *Elijah* dwells with her; her son falls sick; she, in a solo, entreats the man of God to help her; and he, by prayer, restores the child to the mourning mother, who exclaims, "Now I know by this that thou art a man of God!" A chorus, "Blessed are the men who fear him," concludes this portion of the prophet's life. We find him then, at the expiration of three years, in the presence of *Ahab*, who, with his people, accuse him of troubling the peace of Israel, which the prophet denies, attributing the cause of all their sufferings to the apostasy of *Ahab* and his father's house: the prophets of *Baal* are gathered by his desire, with the people of Israel on Mount Carmel, and there they in vain implore *Baal* to manifest his divinity by consuming their offering. *Elijah* taunts them, and then, in his turn, entreats Jehovah to exercise his supremacy. This leads to a choral quartet of angels, imploring their maker to "regard his servant's prayer." *Elijah* calls on him whose angels are spirits, and whose ministers are flames of fire, to send them and consume the victim. "The fire descends from heaven!" The flames consume his offering! breaks forth in chorus. Awe and convinced, the people bow down, adoring and confessing "the Lord is God." They are then directed by *Elijah* to take all the prophets and slay them, and they do so. An angel, in a solo, "Woe unto them who forsake Him," ends this section of the piece, and then *Elijah* implores his God and Lord, after vanquishing his enemies, to help the people, to open the heavens, and send them aid; they in chorus repeat his entreaties. He then desires his attendant, a youth, to ascend the mount and look towards the sea. The youth does so and answers, "There is nothing, the heavens are as brass above me"—thus elucidating

the prophetic verse in Deuteronomy, ch. xxviii. v. 23, in a very beautiful and emphatic manner. The prophet still continues his invocation to the Lord in words similar to those recorded as the prayer of Solomon in the "Chronicles," until at length a little cloud, "like a man's hand," ariseth from the sea—the storm gathers, advances, and the heavens are opened, their torrents descend, and a superb chorus of the people, "Thanks be to God," concludes the first part of the oratorio. The second part begins with the announcement in recitative that "Elijah is come already, yet the people know him not." An angel in an aria regrets that Israel will not hearken to the call of the Lord, who comforteth his people, and we may suppose by the concluding words of this solo, that *Elijah* is encouraged and comforted. A chorus follows, "Be not afraid," indicating that the Lord will protect him from all the perils and afflictions of judgment that surround him. The Queen *Jezebel* afterwards reproaches *Ahab* for sparing *Elijah*, and she excites the people to slay him who slew their prophets, prophesied against their city, closed the heavens, and called down a famine upon the land. They willingly respond to her commands, resolving to seek him and slay him. *Elijah* flies for refuge to the wilderness, and arriving there exhausted and desponding, he prays that he may die; for although he has been jealous for his God, all his efforts have been in vain. He falls asleep under a juniper tree, and angels his protectors while he is dreaming. "Lift thine eyes unto the mountains from whence cometh help." A chorus follows, "He, watching over Israel, slumbers not." Another angel, in a solo, desires him to arise and journey. *Elijah*, still discouraged, is entreated, in another aria, "To rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him." A chorus, "He that shall endure to the end," comes next in succession. *Elijah* implores a divine manifestation, and he is desired to arise and stand on the mount, veil his face, and wait. A chorus begins, "And behold the Lord passed by." A *Sanctus*, for a quartet of solo voices with a chorus, follows. *Elijah* then, in an aria, "O Lord, I have heard of thee," resumes his confidence, and evinces his reliance upon his Lord. A chorus comes next, "Then did *Elijah* the prophet break forth like a fire." An aria declares that "The righteous shall shine forth as the sun." A recitative tells us that *Elijah* "walked with God;" another, that the Lord sent *Elijah* the prophet to turn the hearts of the people. A chorus follows, "Thus saith the Lord, I have raised one from the north." A quartet of angels invites "Every one that thirsteth to come to the waters;" and a concluding chorus, "Unto him that is abundantly able," is the climax of as fine an oratorio as hath been produced since the days of Handel.

Perhaps a more remarkable instance of the tact and talent of our native artists, when conducted by an able director, cannot be recorded than the first rehearsal of this elaborate work. We have reason to assert that not one of the performers had seen a note of it until the moment of performance, and yet it was played and sung with a precision truly astonishing. We do not by this commendation imply that it was rendered perfectly, for there was an immense advance at yesterday's second rehearsal. It may rather be deemed a first sketch than the finished picture; but if only a sketch, it was one whose lines were decided and accurate.

This year has been fatal to the patriarchal musicians. How strange it seems that death should be required to bring to our recollection some of those whose names, but a few years ago, were household words in the world of Art! Yet few, till the funeral elegies had to be pronounced, recollected that *Simone Mayer* and *Joseph Weigl* were among the living at the commencement of this year! Here is another worthy master just gone—*Joseph Eybler*; who was guided in his education by *Haydn*,—presided at the piano during the rehearsal of Mozart's "Cosi,"—saw *Salieri* (that thorn in Mozart's side) laid in his grave,—watched *Beethoven* begin at Vienna, and be laid aside for *Rossini*,—saw poor *Weber* produce his "Euryanthe" for *Sontag*, and die in his prime—and survived for some twenty years the last of these wrecks and changes! Of *Eybler* himself the story is soon told. He was born, in 1764, at a little village not far from Vienna; and received part of his education under *everybody's* master, *Albrechtsberger*. When eight-and-twenty, he was appointed chorus-master at the Church of

the Carmelites, and there attracted so much attention by his sacred compositions, as to receive sundry court appointments, ending in that of Imperial chapel-master. During the course of his service he produced much religious music, an opera, two cantatas, two symphonies, &c.; but as none of these have travelled, it is only fair to presume that they were rather the works of a well-trained man who flourished in a genial atmosphere than the creations of an original imagination. The last can hardly, we think, be kept at home,—especially in days like ours, of curiosity if not of research.

There is sad news from Paris of *M. Habeneck* having been seized with a sudden attack of paralysis in the head; which, it is added, will, under the best circumstances, prohibit his return to active life. Great conductors are not so plentiful, even among the great musicians, that we can hear of the loss of one without more than ordinary concern. They have been reviving at the *Opéra Comique*, the "Paul et Virginie" of *M. Lodoiska Kreutzer*, but without much success. *Mdlle. Lemercier* and *M. Jourdan* have been tried in this opera (more *débuts*!); the latter artist is said to have been almost "irreproachable." Since revival is part of the admitted system of management at this theatre, we are not without hopes of hearing of some of the serious works (paradoxical as the epithet sounds) written for the *Opéra Comique*, when *Théâtre Feydeau*, taking their turn. The fragments with which we are acquainted of the "Romeo et Juliette" by *Steibelt* quicken our curiosity with regard to the whole opera; though, as being the composition of a show-pianist, it is more than probable that the orchestral part would need entire revision: and the wondrous "Medée" of *Cherubini* must surely be some day again brought forward; since, arduous as it is, there is superb music buried in it. That valuable and thoroughly-trained artist, *M. Alizard*, is about, we are happy to see, to return to the *Académie*.—*Athenæum*.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

WE have nothing to report under this head. The programmes at such theatres as in this time of London desolation remain open at all, are precisely the same as last week. We are promised a new farce at the *Adelphi*, and a new comedy at the *Princess's*, but we should advise both theatres to postpone these novelties for some two or three weeks.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—There is now exhibiting at this Institution, an invention of great importance, for the purpose of ventilating rooms. We invite the attention of our readers to the following description of it. It consists of a capacious pair of chambers, inserted into large tanks filled with water, forming a water fount somewhat after the manner in which gasometers are constructed. These chambers are suspended in such a way that a reciprocating motion may be given to them, on receiving which a series of inlet and outlet valves are brought into operation, and are so arranged, that as soon as the inlet chamber begins to descend, the outlet valves open and the air is ejected, and so on alternately a continuous circulation is being kept up; the downcast shaft supplying the necessary quantity of fresh air to the mine during the extraction of the vitiated atmosphere by the upcast shaft. The inventor states, that a chamber sixteen feet in diameter, with an opening of fifty feet area, would every minute remove 40,200 cubic feet of foul air, and this he states can be accomplished at a very trifling expenditure of power. If this be so, for the sake of humanity the utmost consideration should be given to the subject. We strongly recommend all interested in such undertakings to go and inspect it.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT. NOW OPEN.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time.]
BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.
NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.
THEATRES.—Haymarket—*Princess's*, Oxford-street—*French Plays*, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's—*Adelphi*, Strand—*Lyceum*, Strand—*Sadler's Wells*, City-road—*Surrey*, Blackfriars-road. All daily.
PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.

DIORAMA, Regent's-park. Every day.
 COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.
 THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.
 MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK, Baker-street.
 CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.
 POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.
 THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park. Day and night.
 ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.
 SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington. Daily.
 MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In one of the earlier numbers of THE CRITIC it was mentioned in the "Literary Intelligence," that the third and remaining part of "Dr. Arnott's Elements of Physics" was about to be published. Can you inform your readers if such is likely to be the case, and when?

The work is comparatively useless as it is; imperfect, and without index; and, to say the least, it is equally discreditable both in author and publisher, and a hardship to those who purchased the two first volumes at a high price more than ten years since, to leave the work incomplete.

I am, Sir, &c. C. R. J.

Barnstable, Sept. 1, 1846.

[The intimation that the third part of "Dr. Arnott's Elements of Physics" was about to be published, must have been extracted from a contemporary. We are unable to inform our correspondent when the long-promised part will be ready; and agree very cordially with him in his animadversions on the tardiness both of author and publisher.—Ed. CRITIC.]

NECROLOGY.

THE LATE MR. MICHAEL NUGENT.

THE members of the committee appointed to enter into a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the late Mr. Nugent, have brought their labours to a close, at least as far as the tablet is concerned; and on Saturday Mr. Carew, the sculptor, proceeded to Kensall-green Cemetery, to give the finishing touch to a profile likeness of the deceased, which he has gratuitously executed in marble, in exquisite style, from a life-like portrait by Simpson—a portrait admitted by severe judges to be a work of great fidelity and of the highest art. The stone in which the medallion is inserted is erected near the eastern pathway, and is thus inscribed:—"In memory of Michael Nugent, Esq. for more than 40 years one of the ablest Parliamentary reporters of the newspaper press, who died on the 6th of March, 1845, aged 64, and is here buried. To attributes of the mind which command respect, he joined virtues of the heart that win affection, with a high tone of principle, a manly independence, a quick sense of wrong. He was generous, sincere—sympathising. An ample store of general knowledge and a cultivated taste rendered him a sound critic of elegant literature and the fine arts. Though honest and instructive, his criticism was gentle; his wit, original and playful, never inflicted even a momentary wound. These qualities were adorned with modesty, and brightened by a gaiety which sickness could not cloud. This monument is erected by those best able to appreciate his sterling worth—his friends and colleagues."—*Observer*.

THE daily papers announce the death, at Fulham, on the 21st inst. of Alfred John Kempe, Esq. F.S.A. at the age of 62. Mr. Kempe is well known among antiquaries by his volume of the Loseley MSS., and his work on the early history of the monastery of St. Martin Le Grand. He was the brother of Mrs. Bray, the novelist,—and a constant contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*.—The Scotch papers mention the death of Mr. Alston—known to the philanthropic by the particular system of printing in relief, in Roman capitals, for the use of

the blind, which he borrowed from Dr. Fry, and introduced with some modification, into the Glasgow Asylum,—of which benevolent institution he was treasurer. Mr. Alston's plan has since been adopted into all, or very nearly all, the asylums throughout the country.—*Athenæum*.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY'S PLANS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 273.]

WE resume the evidence of Mr. SMITH, of Deanstone, who was recalled, who was questioned more minutely as to the plan; and this is his answer to inquiries as to the

AGRICULTURAL VALUE OF SEWAGE WATER.

There is one point I wish to explain with regard to the large quantity of water we propose to give to irrigate the ground. It appears a large quantity indeed, and perhaps it may not in many instances be taken, but we are not limited to extent. I have named 20,000 or 25,000 acres; but we shall extend our distribution and the sale of our material over a much greater extent; we could indeed extend it, within the limits of our money, because we are entitled to borrow 100,000*l.* after the works are in operation. We could extend it to 100,000 acres; it will extend very much upon the experience of the farmers what quantity they will find it most profitable to use. I have taken these data with regard to the large quantity from the Duke of Portland's meadows and the meadows at Edinburgh. They would find it profitable even if they were to pay what we demanded: the value of a thing is what it will re-produce. Now upon these meadows to which so large a quantity as this would be applied there would be five or six crops in a year; those crops would bring the value of those meadows to somewhere from 10*l.* to 15*l.* according to circumstances; so that the amount of 4*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.* per acre for sewage water, which is what it would be, at the very maximum of 500 tons, would pay extremely well; it would only be, supposing they had but four coatings, 1*l.* for each coating upon common meadow land. Where they have not the advantage of sewage water, it costs them a great deal more for each coating; 2*l.* or 3*l.* a year to top-dress a meadow properly with common farm-yard manure.

Mr. B. Smith.—For each top dressing?—I should think so. With long dung?—Yes; or dung which would be shortened by keeping it together and causing it to decay. Now, in the event of the sewage water being sent to the country, it would be some time before people found out what was best for their interest. I suppose they would find this; that it would be an advantage for every farmer to have a greater proportion of his land in meadow, and to irrigate it to the extent we propose, and as much proportional extent as I have stated here. In the first place, they would find great advantage to their home farm, from having a proportion of the land irrigated, and growing a large quantity of food. It would enable them to keep more cattle; those cattle would make an ample return for the food raised for them; they would have the further advantage of raising a greater stock of solid manure, and although I do not doubt that they might supply themselves completely with our liquid manure, without having recourse to solid manure at all, at the same time I think they will have a better cultivation, and more abundant crops, by using a proportion of solid manure, that manure which they will make upon their farms. If we compare the condition of the country round London at present, the general condition of it, with the condition of small portions where there is irrigation and proper management in the application of the manure, we shall find the latter produce one, two, three, and in some cases four-fold. Now one benefit that would arise from the whole of the farmers of the district round London having it in their power to apply the manure would be this, they would bring the whole extent of the land within that range to the highest state of cultivation. We see amazing crops raised in the market gardens, and it is not merely by raising a large crop of its kind, but two and three crops in a year. When land is in a very rich condition you can manage to raise two crops, and in some instances three crops, in a year; and it is by that means the farmers will be enabled to repay the expenditure they may make upon our sewage.

And again:—

What I chiefly wish to explain is, the mode in which we can apply it during the whole season to tillage land. We will begin with the autumn, when the crops have been separated from the ground; it may be applied at the beginning to land to be in wheat; it may be applied during the whole winter, at any time

that may suit the convenience of the farmer; to all lands in any condition even stubble or in fallow, or in grass, to be ploughed; that may be continued until past Christmas. Then, after that, I should say, they would find an advantage in giving an application of the liquid manure to winter crops, to their wheats. Then land will be preparing for the spring crops, and that land can then get an additional quantity when it has been tilled and turned over. There would then be the coming of the spring crops; they would require some application to promote their growth after the plant is fairly fixed in the ground. Then there will be the preparation of land for potatoes; then follows the preparation of land for the turnips; a succession of turnip crops and vetches, and crops of that kind. Then part of the meadow land will have been cut for early hay; the hay would be possibly earlier when it is plentifully manured in this way than otherwise; all that hay would require the immediate application of sewage water to encourage its growth for the next crop. Then there would be a succession of hay crops during the summer, advancing to the end of July, according to circumstances, and according to the progress the crop has then made from its former cutting. Then from August there will be constant application: a second application of sewage water for promoting the growth of green crops, mangel wurzel, and all crops of that kind. That will go on taking advantage of the whole application that can be given until we come again to autumn, and commence again the same circle of application.

Chairman.—Have you any evidence to give as to the benefit to be derived from the application of sewage water previously to the sowing of the crop?—Yes. Mr. Harvey, a gentleman of Glasgow, has applied it to some wheat land before the crop was sown, and he has had a luxuriant crop, more so than the other crops in the neighbourhood, and upon land which was rather cold, backward land. That is the report I have.

The next witness examined was Dr. WILLIAM A. MILLER, Professor of Chemistry at King's College. He proved the composition of sewage water from analysis.

ANALYSIS OF SEWAGE WATER.

I was about to state, that in this sewer water there is nearly twice as much solid matter dissolved than there is in Thames water; and I have found that the quantity of solid matter in suspension, taking this as a fair average, is as nearly as possible the same as that dissolved, or rather less, $4\frac{1}{2}$ grains. I do not say that the specimen which I have examined is an average, it must vary with the different kinds of weather; with more rain there will be more solid matter washed into the sewer, and with less rain a less quantity of these matters held in suspension. I will state the nature of the constituents; first of all of the salts in solution, and then afterwards the constituents of the matters which subside. These salts, as they are derived in great measure from the excretions which have passed into the sewer, are principally composed of the ashes of our bodies, resulting from the food we have digested; and as we have received these salts either directly from plants, or indirectly through animals from plants, it is evident they must be the food of plants, and plants receive these substances from the soil, which they must gradually exhaust. Now, amongst these substances, we find three which are especially valuable to plants; of these three the most important is ammonia; ammoniacal salts exist in these waters to a considerable extent: and in addition to these, we have alkaline salts, potash, and common salt; potash is not so abundant as common salt: and in the third place, earthy phosphates, containing the whole phosphoric acid. I mention these three compounds in particular, because they are substances that are found in the soil in but small quantities, and yet they are absolutely essential to the maintenance of vegetable life. The quantity of potash which passes out of this sewer per day (estimating the average discharge of the sewer at about thirty gallons in a second, so that the average daily discharge would be about two millions and a half of gallons), the average quantity of potash would be about a ton weight, and about the same quantity of phosphates of the earths pass off every day; i. e. about a ton of phosphoric acid, in combination with lime and magnesia, emptied from this sewer every day in waste. Of ammonia there is more than that, nearly double that quantity, nearly two tons of ammonia. The two analyses differ in some respects; the ammonia varies. In one case I found about a ton, and in the other about two tons per diem. In the case where the water was stopped by flood-gates, which I consider the fairest average of the two, I find as much as two tons turned out into the Thames per day; the quantity will vary according to the season. I believe these are the most important points connected with these soluble matters. If I were to mention the number of grains, it would afford a less accurate idea. Taking next the solids, which I separated by means of a sieve, to ascertain what quantity of floating matter might be suspended, I found that there was perhaps one-fourth of floating matter and three-fourths that might be separated

readily by subsidence. If it is allowed to subside, nearly the whole will settle. There will be a quantity of vegetable matter, straw and hay, which will float, and these may be separated by a sieve; a good deal of this solid matter is found to consist of granitic sand, the wearings and scrapings of the roads. I found that of this matter, including that which subsides as well as that which floats, nearly six-tenths of the whole is matter which may be burnt off; it is combustible matter. I may state that the manner in which I collected this for the convenience of analysis, differs somewhat from that which would be adopted in practice. I filtered the sewage and examined what remained in the filter; this I found to consist of nearly six-tenths of its weight of combustible matter, the remaining four-tenths being sand and other salts.

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—(From the *Manchester Courier*, Sept. 2.)—Yesterday forenoon we were present at a select *conversazione*, at the residence of Mr. Franklin, surgeon, Long Millgate, which was held for the purpose of testing the accuracy of certain statements made respecting a stranger who has recently arrived in this town. This gentleman to whom we refer is Rabbi Professor Dannemarc, of Hungary, who claims the possession of certain extraordinary powers of memory and sight, as well as the gift of divination. There were four persons present at the *conversazione*, besides the professor, and three of them understood the Hebrew language, which is that in which the stranger performs his wonders. The professor, who appears in his native costume, seems to be about 45 years of age, and has a remarkably quick, penetrating eye, to which circumstance some people attribute some of the uncommon faculties with which he is endowed. How this may be we know not, and to us at present it is wholly immaterial. We will now proceed to detail a few of the performances of the professor at the *conversazione*. He was shewn a private letter, which it was impossible he could have seen before, and on merely glancing at the first page stated that it contained 34 lines. The lines were carefully counted by the gentlemen present, and it was found that the number mentioned by the professor was precisely the number which the page contained. Another letter was shewn him, when the same process was gone through, and with the same result. A Hebrew volume, not the professor's, but Mr. Franklin's, was then produced. The book was opened by one of the party, and the number of the page given to the professor. The book was then opened at another place, at an interval probably of 100 leaves from the part first opened. The number of the page at the second opening the professor was not informed of, nor could he see what it was. One of the gentlemen present then put his right forefinger upon a point in one of the pages at the first opening, and the professor stated that he should name the word immediately under the finger at the corresponding point in one of the pages at the second opening. In this he completely succeeded. A Hebrew and English lexicon, belonging to Mr. Franklin, and which Professor Dannemarc could not have seen before, was then handed to him. The book was opened at pages 230 and 231 by one of the party, in such a way that the professor could not see what were their contents. Three different points were chosen by the gentlemen present, one at the top of 230, one at the bottom of the same page, and one on the fifth line of page 231, and the professor undertook to say what were the words which would be found at these several points. In this he again completely succeeded. He then took the same book, which was partly opened in such a manner by one of the gentlemen that there was no possibility of the professor's seeing what was the number of the page at the opening. The gentleman then thrust his finger in at the opening, and the professor named the two words at the extremity of the organ. This he repeated. One of the party put his finger upon the binding, outside of the book, and the professor stated that he could name two words opposite to the finger in a portion of the book, which was partly opened, but the contents of which, as far as those present could judge, it was impossible the professor could have seen. The point in the book referred to was examined, and it was found that the words there were those which had been named by the professor. A Hebrew and Latin Concordance to the Bible was next introduced. One of the party fixed upon a page, with the number of which the

professor was made acquainted, although he could not see the page itself; he then put his finger upon the outside of the book, the professor engaging to name the word immediately opposite to it in the page at which the volume was opened. In this he was entirely successful. A piece of paper was put into a book at the place at which it was opened by one of the party, and which was unknown to the professor, and the latter mentioned some of the words that were found under the paper. A penknife was introduced in a similar manner and with the same results. A Dutch edition of the Family Prayer-book, which we were informed he never could have seen before, was next brought forward. The volume was half opened, one of the party thrust his hand into the opening, the contents of which could not be seen by the professor, and yet he named words on both pages opposite to the hand. A number of experiments of a similar character were gone through, but we have not space for further detail. The professor says he cannot account for the possession of the faculties, the nature of which we have endeavoured to explain, in any other way than that he has received them as an extraordinary gift. He exacts great reverence and respect from all around him, and considers himself the living wonder of the age. He has received the applause of several sovereigns, and wears a splendid ring which was presented to him by the late Pope. Amongst his testimonials and papers appear the names of several distinguished statesmen and others on the Continent. We believe that on Monday evening next the professor will display his uncommon powers in the Hebrew School, St. Mary-street, when the public will be admitted. We should have mentioned above that the professor insists upon all parties standing in his presence.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The volumes of THE CRITIC handsomely, strongly, and uniformly bound, as they are completed, at 4s. 6d. each.

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PRINTERS' PENSION BENEFIT AT VAUXHALL GARDENS.—On Monday night commenced the first of three nights' entertainments on behalf of this excellent institution, when the attendance of company was both numerous and respectable, to whom the entertainments gave complete satisfaction. 130 aged and infirm printers have received the benefits of this noble society, and notwithstanding the fluctuating nature of the printing business, not less than fifty-two pensioners are now enjoying the benefits of the society.

THE PARLIAMENTARY PRINTERS.—After the labours of a protracted session, the printers in the employ of Mr. Hansard, about 250 in number, went down to Brighton on Monday morning, and dined at the King and Queen, where an excellent dinner was provided for them. Mr. Hansard, who was staying at Brighton, occupied the chair. After the removal of the cloth, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were proposed, after which the health of Mr. Hansard was given by the senior compositor, and, it is perhaps needless to add, responded to with the utmost enthusiasm. We understand that Mr. Hansard behaved most liberally to his men. They returned to London on Wednesday evening.

The *Gazette* of Tuesday contains the orders in council ratifying the treaty of international copyright entered into with Prussia for the protection of "authors, inventors, designers, engravers, and makers of any of the following works (that is to say) books, prints, articles of sculpture, dramatic works, musical compositions, and any other works of literature and the fine arts in which the laws of Great Britain give to British subjects the protection of copyright;" also, regulating the duty to be henceforth charged on books and prints brought into this country from the Prussian dominions. We purpose giving these orders in council, for which we cannot spare room in this number, next week.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

ANTIQUITIES.—We mentioned the discovery, the week before last, of an old quay wall and bed of the Severn, about 120 feet distant from the present quay, and course of that river through this city. There is, as we then stated, reason to believe that the date of that wall must have been as old as the time of the occupation of the city by the Romans. On Tuesday last, whilst the workmen were digging out the alluvial earth, and which had evidently been formed by the accumulation of alluvial deposit, they found a yellow metal ornament, of rude but ingenious construction, and probably intended as a brooch or fastening for a cloak or toga, and also a small piece of metallic foil, which would seem to have been used in the decoration of some such article as a helmet, shield, or sword, or dagger handle. The brooch is a little corroded, but the action of the pin and spring is quite perfect, and a modern mechanist might take a hint from this simple and clever contrivance. The other article has resisted the corrosive actions of the damp and mud, and is as bright and untarnished as if only just made; its preservation being no doubt owing to the metal having a large proportion of gold in its composition. The spot where these supposed relics of old Rome were dug up, is at least twenty-five feet below the present surface of the ground. At a lesser depth, embedded in the earth about fourteen feet from the surface, were found a pair of deer's antlers.—*Gloucester Journal.*

ANCIENT COIN.—A silver groat of David II. King of Scotland, was found near Redcar, a few days since. It is in fine preservation. Obverse—bust in profile, crowned, with sceptre on the right, "David Rex Scottorum." Reverse—cross, with radiating stars of five points in the quarterings, "Edinburgh," with some minter's name, having been minted there. Edward III. first struck groats in 1354. Scotland immediately followed the same plan, the first being of David II. David was defeated and taken prisoner by Edward, at the battle of Hexham, 1346; his ransom amounting to 100,000 marks (13s. 4d. to the mark) drained Scotland of its coin; and there is every probability that this old coin formed part of the ransom paid for the redemption of David, whose coins, owing to this circumstance, are extremely rare in Scotland. A similar event occurred with reference to Richard I. who, on his return from the Holy Land, was treacherously made prisoner by the Archduke of Austria, and 100,000 marks paid as his ransom; hence the extreme rarity of coins in England belonging to Richard.

RELIC OF AN EXTINCT RACE.—A St. Vincent's journal notices a curious relic found on a neighbouring islet:—"A Curiosity.—An article deserving this name was found last week in a cave on the small island of Batawia, and is now in the possession of George Cropper, esq. It was intended, as it appears to us, for a child's couch, and is cut out of a solid piece of wood, either cedar or mahogany, the length two feet three inches, breadth ten inches, height about fifteen inches. It is so contrived that, when not used as a couch, it can be placed upright on the hind legs, when it presents the face of a man elaborately carved and standing out in bold relief, with the arms resting on the breast. Some suppose it to be the work of the Charaibs who were sent over to Batawia after their insurrection; but the character of the face is decidedly not Charaib, having the appearance of a much older antiquity than the insurrection of 1795. Other curiosities may likely be found in the same cave upon an exploration, and which may lead to something decisive as to their origin. The cave itself is of vast extent, and does not appear to have been visited for a long period."

By a Parliamentary return of the cost of postage-stamps and envelopes, from the beginning of 1841 to the 5th of April last, it appears that the cost per million of the envelopes, upon the average of the period, was 359*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.*; and 371*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.* per million was repaid by the consumers. The profit per million upon the whole number issued was 11*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*; the profit per million at the present time is 21*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.* The postage-labels cost per million 79*l.* 0*s.* 7*d.* no part of which is repaid by the consumers: it is, in fact, a charge on the collection of the tax.

MALIBRAN A SAINT.—M. Beriot caused a monument to be raised in the church of Laeken to the memory of his first wife, the lamented Malibran. This monument consisted of a

statue in white marble, representing the celebrated *cantatrice* as Norma, and was placed in a chapel of blue stone, closed by a bronze openwork gate, through which the statue could be seen. The number of visitors attracted by this monument, however, displeased the cure of Laeken, who caused a tin plate to be nailed over the door, pierced with a few holes, through which detached parts only of the statue were visible. He states, as a pretext for this act of Vandalism, that some peasants had knelt before the statue of an "actress," and adored it as a saint.—*Globe*.

A NOVEL ENTERPRISE.—We understand that an expedition, which promises the most important results both to science and commerce, is at this moment fitting out for the purpose of navigating some of the most important unexplored rivers in South America. It is to be under the command of Lord Ranelagh. Several noblemen and gentlemen have already volunteered to accompany his lordship, and the enterprising and scientific band, it is said, will sail as soon as the necessary arrangements shall be completed.

The British Museum closed on Monday till the 7th of September. The National Gallery will close on Friday, the 11th of September, and will not be re-opened to the public till the 26th of October.

We learn, from Berlin, that the King of Prussia has issued an ordinance requiring the Academy of Sciences and Arts to give him their advice in the selection of the foreigners of distinction who shall be included in the forthcoming distribution, abroad, of the insignia of the Order of Merit.

The cholera, by the latest accounts, was extending its ravages fatally along the coasts of the Red Sea, even to Suez, where cases had occurred, though not terminating in death.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Aug. 29 to Sept. 5.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ackermann's Numismatic Illustrations of the Historical portions of the New Testament, 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Archbold's Act to Amend the Laws relating to the Removal of the Poor, 9 & 10 Vict. c. 66, 12mo. 1s. swd.—Alexandre's (A.) Beauties of Chess, comprising upwards of 2,000 positions, 8vo. 24s. bds.—Addy's (H. M.) Picturesque Handbook of Liverpool, with a map of the town, and 100 wood engravings, 5th edition, swd. Barnes's Notes on the Gospel, edited by Dr. Cumming, vol. 1, with Map, square 12mo. 2s. swd. 2s. 6d. cl.—Barnes's Notes on the Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians, by the Rev. I. Cobbin, 12mo. 2s. cl.—Bogue's European Library, vol. 2, Guizot's History of Civilization; vol. 3, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Bowyer's (Geo. D.C.L.) Commentaries on the Constitutional Law of England, 2nd edit. royal 8vo. 22s. bds.—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, &c. with Mason's Notes (uniform with "The Puritan Divines") fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl. Carlyle's (T.) Heroes and Hero Worship, 3rd edit. 12mo. 9s. cl.—Chapman and Hall's Series, "The Camp and Barrack-room, or, The British Army as it is," post 8vo. 9s. cl.—Curtiss's (J. H.) Simplicity of Living, 5th edit. royal 18mo. 6s. 6d. cl. Duke's (Rev. E.) Druidical Temples of the County of Wilts, royal 12mo. 5s. cl.—Dublin and its Environs, with a Map, 12mo. 3s. cl. gilt. Evelyn Stuart, or Right versus Might, by Adrian, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds. Festivals and Fasts Familiarly Explained, new edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. swd.—Fishbourne's (Capt. E. G.) Lectures on Naval Architecture, 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl. Grove's (Rev. E.) Pasiologia, an Essay on Universal Language, royal 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl. Haskell's (W.D.) Assistant Engineer's Railway Guide, 8vo. 15s. cl.—Heidelberg, a Romance, by G. P. R. James, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Hughes's (E. G.) Comprehensive Tables for Calculating Earthwork from 1 to 80 feet, 4to. 28s. cl.

John's (A. J.) Philological Proofs of the Original Unity and Recent Origin of the Human Race, 8vo. 6s. cl.

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Parlour Novelist (The) The Count of Monte Christo, by A. Dumas, 2 vols. 12mo. 4s. swd. 5s. cl.—Pensellwood Papers (The), by author of "Dr. Hookwell," 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl. Religious World (The), or these last Perilous Times, 12mo. 5s. cl.

Steps to the Altar, a Manual of Devotion for the Blessed Eucharist, 18mo. 9d. swd.—Skillings's (Thos.) Science and Practice of Agriculture, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.

Waterhouse's (G.) Natural History of the Mammalia, vol. 1, 8vo. with Plates (to be completed in 6 vols.), 29s. pl. cl.; or coloured Plates, 34s. 6d. cl.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We cannot insert, or notice in any way, any communication that is sent to us anonymously; but those who choose to address us in confidence will find their confidence respected. NEITHER CAN WE UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY MANUSCRIPT WHATSOEVER.

NOTE.—The Sonnet is declined with thanks.

The list of Heirs-at-Law and Next of Kin, through an accident, is this week omitted, but will be resumed in our next number.

ERRATUM.—The name of the author of "Tarquin and the Consul," noticed in our last number, is Greaves, and not Grieves, as there given.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GENUINE HAVANNAH CIGARS.

EDWIN WOOD, 69, King William-street, City, begs to inform the admirers of a FIRST-RATE HAVANNAH CIGAR, that they will find at this establishment the largest and choicest assortment in London, selected with great care by an experienced Manufacturer in Havannah, and consigned direct to the advertiser. The Stock comprises the first qualities from the manufactories of SILVA & CO. Cabana, Woodville, Norriega, La Union, Regalia, &c.; some very superior Old Principes, Government Manillas, and Planchadas; Bengal and Porto Rico Cheroots, with every other description now in demand. A large and select stock is always kept in bond, from which Gentlemen going abroad can at all times make their own selection.

Annexed is a list of the present prices for cash:—

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Genuine Havannahs	15 0	British Havannahs	12s. to 16 0
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EXTRAORDINARY CURES by HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—A Wonderful Cure of dreadful Ulcerous Sores in the Face and Leg, in Prince Edward Island.—The truth of this statement was duly attested before a magistrate.

I, Hugh Macdonald, of Lot 55, in King's County, do hereby declare, that a most wonderful preservation of my life has been effected by the use of Holloway's Pills and Ointment; and I furthermore declare, that I was very much afflicted with ulcerous sores in my face and leg; so severe was my complaint, that the greater part of my nose and the roof of my mouth was eaten away, and my leg had three large ulcers on it, and that I applied to several medical gentlemen, who prescribed for me, but I found no relief. My strength was rapidly failing every day, and the malady on the increase; when I was induced to try Holloway's medicines. After taking two or three boxes, I experienced so much relief, and found the progress of the disease was so much arrested, that I was enabled to resume my ordinary labours in the field. The sores, which were so disagreeable and repulsive to behold, are now nearly all healed. Having received such truly beneficial aid, I feel myself bound to express my gratitude to the person by whose means I have thus been restored from the pitiable and miserable state I was in; and for the sake of humanity make known my case, that others similarly situated might be relieved.

(Signed) HUGH MACDONALD.

This declaration made before me, at Bay Fortune, the 3rd day of September, 1845.

JOSEPH COFFIN, Justice of the Peace.

The above case of Hugh Macdonald, of Lot 55, came personally under my observation; and when he first applied to me to get some of the medicines, I thought his case utterly hopeless, and told him that his malady had got such hold that it was only throwing his money away to use them. He, however, persisted in trying them, and to my astonishment I find what he has aforesaid stated to be perfectly correct, and consider the case to be a most wonderful cure.

(Signed) WILLIAM UNDERHAY, Bay Fortune.

Sold at the establishment of Professor Holloway, 244, Strand, near Temple Bar, London, and by most respectable druggists and dealers in medicines throughout the civilised world, at the following prices in pots: 1s. 1½d. 2s. 6d. 4s. 6d. 11s. 22s. and 33s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

DIAMOND DUST, DIRECT FROM THE MINES.

—Genuine **DIAMOND DUST**, for giving instantaneously the keenest edge to the bluntest razor or knife, is now regularly imported direct from the mines of Golconda, the Brazils, and the Uralian Mountains, and may be had at the wholesale depot, 1, Angel-court, Strand, London, in rosewood boxes (with instructions), at 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each; and at the various agents throughout the world.—“The peculiarity of this dust is, that it is the hardest of all mineral sands, as the diamond itself is the hardest of all mineral substances. A diamond is only cut by a diamond, but it is sometimes split, in order to perfect its geometrical symmetry. Sometimes, by this process, small flakes or points are taken off. These flakes are used for various purposes in the arts, such as drilling holes in glass and precious stones, or in engraving on hard substances. That which makes the price of diamonds so great is not merely the labour of the manufacturer, but the quantity of diamond dust that is used in getting up the surface and points of the head or figure represented. In cutlery, diamond dust has been very little used, until recently. Emery has been the chief substance used for polishing, but emery is not hard enough to do more than polish when applied even with severe friction. It will not, like diamond dust, give an edge and sharpen. Besides, emery is affected by various causes—climate, &c. It loses its power even to polish under some circumstances. Not so with diamond dust. Though it affects other minerals it cannot be affected by any other. Over steel it has a peculiar power, producing not only a keen edge to a most perfect razor, but a uniformity in the keenness that establishes it as superior to all known substances for sharpening purposes. There are many things that will sharpen a knife or a razor for awhile, eventually rounding the edge, but diamond dust alone prevents the edge from rounding, and re-sets the edge.”—*Times*.

Parties using the Diamond Dust will never require to have their razors set or ground, the use of the hone being rendered perfectly unnecessary. Shippers and country agents supplied on liberal terms. Either of the Boxes will be transmitted free to any part of the country. Wholesale Depot, 1, Angel-court, opposite Somerset-house, Strand, London.

NERVOUS MENTAL COMPLAINTS.—The Nervous

are invited to send to Mr. ADAMS for his pamphlet on the symptoms, treatment, and cure of nervous complaints, which pamphlet he will return post-paid on receipt of two stamps. Persons suffering from groundless fear, delusion, and melancholy, inquietude, disinclination for society, study, business, the overflow of blood to the head, head ache, giddiness, failure of memory, irresolution, and every other form of nervous disease, are invited to avail themselves of his never-failing remedy. The most deeply rooted symptoms are effectually and permanently removed without bleeding, blistering, or purging, and without hindrance to habits of business or pleasure.

Letters will be replied to without delay.—The remedies forwarded to all parts.—At home for consultation from 11 to 4.—23, DOUGHTY-STREET, MECKLENBURGH-SQUARE, LONDON.

NERVOUS OR MENTAL AFFLICTION.

A CLERGYMAN (late of Cambridge University), having DISCOVERED a METHOD OF CURING HIMSELF of a nervous or mental Complaint of fourteen years' duration, and in twelve years having had about 14,000 patients, noblemen and noblesse, medical-men, clergymen, and all other grades, all of whom he has cured who followed his advice, except twenty, offers from benevolence rather than gain to cure others. Low spirits, mental debility, exhaustion, delusions, determination of blood to the head, vertigo, groundless fear, failure of memory, incapacity for study, business, &c. restlessness, irresolution, wretchedness, indecision, melancholy, thoughts of self-destruction, and insanity itself are curable by this important discovery, which can be sent to all parts. Most recover in six weeks.

Apply to, or address post paid, Rev. Dr. WILLIS MOSELEY, 18, Bloomsbury-street, Bedford-square. At home from 11 to 3. For NOTHING, a PAMPHLET on this subject, with cases and testimonials, will be cheerfully sent to every address and franked home, if one stamp is inclosed.

A LITTLE ADDITION TO COMFORT.

IN WALKING, RIDING, and HUNTING, almost every man who wears drawers is bothered to keep them in the right place. The new **COMPRIMO BRACE** (registered Act 6 & 7 Viet.) supports at once both drawers and trousers. This simple contrivance keeps the drawers well up in their place, which is essential to the well fitting of the trousers and comfort of the wearer. Prices: 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s., 6d., to 10s. 6d. A great variety at the outfitting warehouse of the inventor, **HENRY POWELL**, 102, New Bond-street, where can be seen a large assortment of the new registered Templer Caps, for sleeping, travelling, or soiree, the immense sale of which is the strongest proof of the comfort they afford to the many thousands who have tested them. Night-caps, 1s. to 4s.; Travelling, 5s. 6d. to 18s. Either sent to any part of the kingdom for post-office orders, with threepence added to price of each.

The finest German Eau de Cologne, 17s. per case of six bottles; 3s. per bottle.

THE AROMATIC REGENERATOR, is sold by

all Chemists and Medicine Vendors in bottles, at 4s., 7s., and 11s. each, including a Pamphlet of Testimonials and Directions for Use. On receipt of Post-office order value 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d. or 12s. a 4s., 7s., or 11s. bottle will be returned free, per post, from The Herbarry, Highgate, or 494, Oxford-street, London.

“Mrs. Weekley, of No. 3, Swan-street, Borough, takes this opportunity of publicly thanking Mr. W. GRIMSTONE, of the Herbarry, Highgate, for the efficacy of his **AROMATIC REGENERATOR**, in having completely restored the hair on her head after using it about four months, and her hair is now much stronger and more luxuriant than it was previously to its falling off. Mrs. W. inserts this testimony, thinking that the virtues of this preparation cannot be too generally known, not only in the restoration and production of hair, but in the cure of nervous and other head aches, and will be happy to answer the inquiries of any respectable person.”

52, Fleet-street.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN TEETH.—Mr.

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